

GOSPEL-SONNETS: OR, SPIRITUAL SONGS:

In Six Parts.

Part I. The BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS: Or, the Way how a Sinner is divorced from the Law as a Covenant, and married unto CHRIST, &c.

Part II. The BELIEVER'S JOINTURE: Or, the Privileges of those that are Espoused to CHRIST, with the Marks and Characters of such. Both these being a Poem on *Is. liv. 5. Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

Part III. The BELIEVER'S RIDDLE: Or, the Mystery of Faith; shewing the Believer's two-fold Condition; *Nature and Grace, Flesh and Spirit, &c.*

Part IV. The BELIEVER'S LODGING: Or, his Inn, while here upon Earth. Being a Poem or Paraphrase upon *PSALM lxxxiv.*

Part V. The BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY: Especially when in Affliction and Desertion, complaining of his own evil Heart, & longing to be Above, where he shall sin no more

Part VI. The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES: especially concerning the Law and the Gospel, &c.

Rom. vii. 4. Wherefore my Brethren, ye also are become dead to the Law by the Body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the Dead, that ye should bring forth Fruit unto God.

1 Cor. xi. 2, 3. For I am jealous over you with a godly Jealousy; For I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you a chaste Virgin to Christ. But I fear lest by any Means, as the Serpent beguiled Eve through his Subtilty, so your Minds should be corrupted from the Simplicity that is in Christ.

1 Cor. xiii. 12. For now we see thro' a Glass darkly, or in a Riddle.

1 Cor. ii. 7. But we speak the Wisdom of God in a Mystery.

By Mr. RALPH ERSKINE, Minister of the Gospel at Dunfermline.

The 2d Edition (of that Book formerly intituled, *Gospel Canticles*) corrected and amended, by the Author; with the Addition of the sixth Part abovementioned, which was never before published.

DUNBURGH, printed for JOHN BRIGGS, and sold at his Shop in the Lucken-booths. MDCCLXXVI.



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The PREFACE to the Reader.

THE former Edition of the first five Parts of this little Book came forth under the Title of *Gospel-Canticles*: And tho' I own a Copy was got out of my Hand under that Name, and so was carry'd to the Press by another Hand; yet, upon the Publication thereof, I was sometimes uneasy at its going abroad under that Title, seeing one of the Books of the Holy Scripture is ordinarily design'd by the Name of *Canticles*. And tho' the Name (in it self) is much of the same Significancy with that which is now assign'd to this Book; yet, lest it should not be reckoned so sober and becoming as were needful, I have embraced the first Opportunity of altering the same, only allowing the other Part of the Title, which is but an Adjunct, to stand; because the main Drift and Design of the Book being, to hold forth some Evangelical Truths, I thought I might presume to allow it to pass under the Title of *Gospel-Sonnets*.

Several Places and Books of Scripture, such as the Book of *Job*, the Psalms of *David*, the Song of *Solomon*, the Lamentations of *Jeremiah*, &c. in the Original, *Hebrew*, or first Language, are delivered to us in a certain Kind of Verse or holy Poesy; and since the great God, by his holy Spirit, pleased to speak to us (as

it were) in Meeter, I hope that any poor Essay, to set forth some of the most necessary, Scriptural and Gospel Truths, shall not be the less regarded, that it is framed into the Mould of common Meeter and homely Ryme. I own, that these who are skill'd this Way, will easily discern that I cannot pretend to lofty Poesy; but perhaps it is better ordered that my Talent is not of such a soaring Nature, as to please the critical Palate of a learned Age: Seeing that, as there are Heroick Poems in Abundance gone abroad, fitted for gratifying those of a polite Education; so, the exalted Turns of Thought, and poetical Flights, which would have made these Lines capable of giving Delight to the refined Taste, would in all Likelyhood have rendred them unintelligible, and consequently unserviceable to those of a meaner Capacity, and to the common Sort of People, for whose Instruction and Edification these Lines are principally designed.

I am abundantly satisfied, on the one Hand, that the *Matter* contained in these Sonnets is not below the Consideration of the most learned and knowing Persons, since there is a brief Essay, therein, at the Elucidation or opening up of some of the great Mysteries of the Gospel, which Things the *Angels* desire to pry into; and therefore cannot but administer a spacious Field for exercising the most elevated Thoughts of *Men*; yea, they are such as transcend their most sublimated Apprehensions, and none but these that are Θεοδιδασκτοι, or taught of God, can have the saving and spiritual Uptaking of. I am sufficiently apprised on the other Hand, that the *Manner*, wherein these Truths are here delivered, is for the most Part so low and flat as may be disagreeable to the Gust of the more Learned and Intelligent, into whose Hands these Lines may perhaps fall; yet I could wish, that such Persons would be so merciful to the rest of the rude and illiterate World, as to be well pleased and content that some Essays of this Nature are sunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities, considering that to the Poor the Gospel is preached.

I can offer no other Apology for my Rudeness of Expression, besides the Want of a cultivated Poetical Genius, than this, That most of these Lines are set down in the very first unrefined Dress, wherein they were presented to my Mind, when I thought and wrote upon these Subjects; nor could the vacant Minutes, borrowed from my other weighty Work, allow me Leisure to study That Politeness and Elegancy of Phrase, which more Time, Leisure and Pains might have hammer'd out. Which is the Reason also, that in the whole Book I have confined my self to three Sorts of Meeter, which are such as most natively occurred to my self, and yet I suppose most adapted for gratifying only of the most common Taste. The Favour therefore, that I ask of the more judicious Readers especially, is, that their Christian Charity may excuse what Weakness is found in the *Manner* of Treating; and that they, together with all the serious Readers, may have their Minds principally intent upon the Weight of the *Matter*.

If there should be any remarkable Error in the Printing, I hope the Reader will be mild and charitable towards the Author, who has not concerned himself so far in the Publication of these Sonnets, as to attend or oversee the Press; but left it intirely into the Hands of those who were importunate with him; to revise the same, in order to its being reprinted with Corrections, Inlargements or Additions; to which the kindly Reception, that the former Edition met with, hath excited them. I know that Typographical Errors, especially when they happen in the printing of Meeter, are usually very remarkable, as tending to mar both the *Matter* and the *Measure*, the Sense and the Symphony at once; which renders it very ungrateful to the Reader, but much more uneasy to the Author, who is thereupon liable to the unmerciful Censures of many, whom he can never have Occasion to undeceive. This I only speak, upon the Supposition of any remarkable *Errata* in the Print, because I have observed
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some Escapes of that Nature, very uneasy to me, even in the printing of some Discourses in Prose : Particularly some Sermons wherein I have had a Concern, tho' not in the Publication thereof. Of which, by the By, I shall only take Liberty to say, that seeing some thought they might be useful, even in the Popular Dress in which they were taken from my Notes, without ever being design'd or polished for a publick View ; If the great Design of the Glory of God, the Advancement of Truth, and the Edification of immortal Souls in the most holy Faith, shall be reached thereby, it will be Matter of great Satisfaction to me; and I shall be very easy, tho' they undergo the just Censure of those who are skill'd in the Matter of Pointedness and Accuracy.

If there be any Mistake, as well as Defects, in the Matter of these Sonnets, it may be an Excuse, that you have this Treasure in an earthen Vessel : Only let not the Treasure be rejected, because of either the Coarseness or the Chinks of the Vessel. As the Salvation of Sinners is not of the Free-will of Man, nor of Works ; but of the Free-will of God, and of Grace : So the main Design of the Gospel, is, to depress Self and Self-Righteousness to the lowest, and to exalt Christ and his Righteousness to the highest ; and my great Desire and Endeavour, in these Lines, is, to fall in with this Design. I am convinced that many dark Notions and Apprehensions, concerning the Gospel, flow from the mistaking the Nature of the *Covenant of Grace*, and the proper Parties therein, and consequently the proper Condition thereof. And tho' many excellent Divines (for whose Character I have a very great Reverence and Regard) have represented it as a mutual Bargain between God and Man, with *Stipulation* and *Restipulation* ; Yet, without Disparagement to them, I owe more Regard to our excellent Standards, agreeable to the Word of God, (to which I own my self solemnly bound) wherein it is held forth as a Covenant that *was made with Christ as the second Adam, and in him with all the Elect as his Seed.* And

if God and Christ be the Parties, we may thence consider what are the proper Terms, or what's the Condition thereof, and by whom performed. Hence our Standard brings in Faith, not as the proper Condition of the Covenant, but as the *Condition* (or Mean) to *interest us in Christ*; and so, as a Part of the divine Method in the Application of the Covenant, and a Promise thereof; *he promising and giving his holy Spirit to all his Elect, to work in them that Faith*. I know that many sound Divines, who either never used or have gone off from this Way of speaking in our Standards, concerning the Covenant of Grace, as standing between God and Christ, have explained themselves into the most orthodox and sound Sense; yet, I am perswaded, that the general receding from this good old Way and Manner of speaking; and the confounding of the Parties contracting in the Covenant of Grace, namely God and Christ, with the Parties consenting in a Day of Power and brought into the Covenant, namely elect Believers: Together with the confounding of the proper Condition of the Covenant; with the proper Qualities of the Covenanted; and even the Covenant it self, with the Manner of its Manifestation, and the Method of its Application; and the not duly attending and adhering to our Standards, in this and the like Matters, is at the Root of a great deal of mistaken Views, even among those that would seem to be the most zealous Espousers of our excellent Confession and Catechisms.

My principal Design, especially in the Sixth Part of this Book, was to rid Marches between the Law and the Gospel, Justification and Sanctification, &c. from the confounding whereof, many erroneous Apprehensions and Positions do proceed. And, abstracting from what may be call'd *Poetical Licence*, I have endeavoured, in my Manner of Expression, to keep close by the Form of sound Words, the Scriptures of Truth, our received Standards, and the Sentiments of the most eminent orthodox Divines.

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I am not fond of *Novelties*, *New Schemes* of Doctrine, nor new Ways of speaking, which I find some late Writers have run into, in the Heat of their Disputes, such as, *That the Sins of Believers, tho' in a justified State, bring on them a Liableness to the threatned and deserved Punishment, from the penal Sanction of the Law.* That Believers are under the Threatning of eternal Death and Wrath. That they are under the penal Sanction of the moral Law. That they ought to be influenced in their Obedience by the Threatnings and Fears of Hell which are filial, and of falling into eternal Wrath, and by the Fear of losing their Sonship and being disinherited. That their Obedience (as such) and good Works have the Promise of Life and Glory annexed to them, &c. These, and the like Expressions, seem to import some *New Scheme* of Divinity, some *New Notions* of Doctrine, and *New Modes* of speaking, not known in our Standards. In Opposition to which, I prefer the Truths, and Ways of expressing the same, which are laid down in our excellent Confession of Faith and Catechisms, plainly founded on the Scriptures of Truth, and which we in this Church are strictly and solemnly bound to maintain. The Language whereof, on these Points, seems to have another Sort of a Sound, while 'tis there declared, *That these, that are justified, can never fall from the State of Justification; yet they may by their Sins fall under God's fatherly Displeasure.* That they are delivered from the moral Law as a Covenant of Works, so as thereby they are neither justified nor condemned. That they are freed from the Guilt of Sin, the condemning Wrath of God, and the Curse of the moral Law. That Justification doth equally free all Believers from the revenging Wrath of God, and that perfectly in this Life. That they are to yield Obedience to God, not out of slavish Fear, but a Child-like Love and willing Mind. And being delivered out of the Hands of their Enemies, are to serve the Lord without Fear, in Holiness and Righteousness before him all the Days of their Life. That the Persons of Believers
being

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being accepted through Christ, their good Works are also accepted in him, he looking upon them in his Son, &c. These are a Part of our Form of sound Words, worthy to be considered and compared with the former different Sound abovementioned, in order to try if they can make a Consort. But it is not my Work to enlarge on these Things at present ; only, 'tis upon these, and the like Positions in our Standards, that the Foundation of the most of the following Sonnets is laid, not upon any new Notions.

Reader, do not imagine that it is my Intention to impress you with jealous Thoughts concerning the Principles of any Members of our Presbyterian Communion ; it is not Time a Day for us, who are Children of the same Family, to fall by the Ears, when the Foundation of the House is in Danger of being destroyed many Ways, particularly by the damnable Doctrine of *Arianism*, so near our Doors, if not within them already, beside the Increase of Popish and other Errors. As we have pure and excellent Standards, to which (comparing the same with the Scriptures) you would do well to take heed ; so I hope the main Body of this Church are, according to their Engagements, firm Friends to, and zealous Avouchers of all the Principles and Doctrines therein laid down. And tho' some late Writers, whether in Prints or Manuscripts, have stumbled into certain unguarded Expressions, that seem to be quite cross to our received Standards ; yet I charitably judge, that their stated Sentiments, in calm Blood, are not such as their new and harsh Expressions, vented in the Warmth of their Paper War, seem to import. And much more I do entertain a charitable Opinion concerning the rest of our Communion, that have not been engaged in the Heat of these Disputes, occasioned by some late Occurrences.

Mean Time, it does not mar my Charity, that I fear the Tendency of some new Phrases, Expressions and Positions, that have been spread abroad, (beside what has been said) such as, (1.) That *Sinners must leave their Sins, in order to come to Christ* ; whereas, it is certainly

tainly a safer Way of speaking, to say, that Sinners must come to Christ, that he may sanctify them and take away their Sins, his Name being J E S U S, because he saves his People from their Sins; or rather, to use the Words of our Confession, namely, that their Duty, with respect to saving Faith, lies in *accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for Justification, SANCTIFICATION, and eternal Life, by vertue of the Covenant of Grace.* The former Way of speaking, in Contradistinction from this, tends to make People think their Salvation depends partly on themselves, &c. (2.) That *Gospel Repentance is necessary as a Condition, in order to our Justification in the Sight of God.* Whereas it is safer to stand by the Words of our Confession; That *Repentance is not to be rested in as any Satisfaction for Sin, or any Cause of the Pardon thereof, which is God's Act of free Grace in Christ; and yet it is of such Necessity to all Sinners, that none may expect Pardon without it; no more than they can expect Pardon without Amendment; for only he, that confesseth and forsaketh, shall find Mercy.* And yet, who will say, that this Amendment of Life is a necessary Condition, in order to our Justification? (3.) That *Unbelievers are not under the commanding Power of the Covenant of Works; Why, because they are not obliged to seek Justification by their own Works; as if the seeking Justification, that Way, were the precise Form of that Covenant; whereas Adam might have been justified by his Works, tho' he had never sought Justification that Way; since (as hath been well cleared by others) the annexing of the Promise of Life, and Threatning of Death, to the Precept, and making perfect Obedience the Covenant-Condition upon which these were suspended, was the precise Form of the Covenant of Works and not Man's being obliged to seek or aim at Justification by his Works, which was but a Consequent there.* For if he had fulfill'd the Condition of that Covenant or yielded that perfect Obedience, to which Life was thus annexed, without seeking or aiming at any Thing

else but the pleasing and glorifying of God, he had
 been justified by his Works. Hence, even these that
 are obliged to seek Life and justification by the Obe-
 dience of another ; yet, while they do it not, but re-
 main in Unbelief, they abide under the commanding
 (as well as condemning) Power of the Covenant of
 Works, that is, under an Obligation to perfect Obedi-
 ence, upon Pain of Death, and the Forfeiture of eternal
 Life, and all Title thereto, by Reason of their want of
 that Obedience, and the Violation of that Covenant :
 Hence our Standards make it the Privilege only of
 Believers, That *they are not under the moral Law as a*
Covenant of Works, to **D** *thereby either justified or con-*
demned ; which plainly says, not only that the moral
 Law was turn'd into the Form of a Covenant of Works,
 by its being made a Covenant of Life and justification
 upon *Doing*, and of Death and Condemnation upon *not*
Doing ; but also, that as Unbelievers are under the
 condemning Power of that Covenant, which condemns
 the Disobedient to eternal Death for their Sins ; so
 they are under the commanding Power of that same
 Covenant, — which justifies all that can and do obey
 it, and would justify them also, if they had the Power
 and did yield Obedience to it, in the Manner it requires.
 Which is not so with the Believer, who, tho' he had
 a personal Righteousness in Perfection, as he will have
 it in Heaven, yet there is no Connection between it
 and his Justification or Title to eternal Life, which is
 to him *the Gift of God through Jesus Christ* ; he being
 brought under another Covenant, which makes his Title
 to Life stand upon another Foundation : But now, to
 free Unbelievers from being under the commanding
 Power of the Covenant of Works, is, (in my Opinion)
 to free them also from the *condemning* Power of it ;
 for if they were not under Obligation to the Command
 of it, how could they justly be condemned by it for
 want of Obedience thereto, or transgressing thereof ?
 Where no Command, no Transgression ; where no Trans-
 gression, no Penalty. Nay, Reader, the Debt stands
 upon their Head, tho' they be insolvent Debtors and

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Dyvours, and that is the very Thing that makes them need to seek the *Active*, as well as *Passive* Obedience of Christ, (who, as Surety, came to fulfil the Righteousness of the Law only as a Covenant of Works) for their Justification and eternal Life : Whereas, if they were not under Obligation to the Command of the Covenant of Works, I see no need they would have of Christ's active Obedience in their Room. Our *Old Way* of speaking hath still been to this Purpose, That all Men are under a Covenant of Work intirely, as long as they remain out of Christ, and so out of the Covenant of Grace ; and that they need his compleat Righteousness, both of doing and suffering, for their Justification ; and it is not meet that we be driven out of the *good old Way*, by *New Quirks* and *Sophisms*. (4.) Another Way of speaking, that I find amidit these late Altercations or Debates, is, That *Faith having its chief Seat in the Will, Doubting is not contrary to Faith; and that, to espouse the Definition of Faith that past current at the Reformation or among the Reformers, is a receding from our Standards*. As the Reader will find some little Hint anent Faith in the following Sonnets, so I agree cordially with our Standards in their Definitions of Faith, and also think that the complex Assurance therein mentioned (including that of spiritual Sense as well as Faith, that which is reflex as well as direct) *is not of the Essence of Faith, or so of the Essence of it, but that a true Believer may wait long, and consist with many Difficulties, before he be Partaker of it*. But I am not fond of confining Faith to the Will as its chief Seat, but rather, with the judicious OWEN, judge, *That it is seated in the Understanding as to its Being and Subsistence, and in the Will and Heart as to its effectual Working* ; which makes it (under the Conduct of the Spirit of Faith) to be a cordial Assent to the divine Testimony concerning Christ, who can be no otherwise believingly received by us, but in a *Word* or as *offered in the Gospel*. Far less am I fond of making Faith consistent with Doubting in its Nature, (tho' Faith and Doubting may both be in the same Subject) seeing

seeing Christ hath set them at Odds, saying, *O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?* Where I see the Believer may have Doubts, yea and be wholly overrun with them, because he hath Unbelief; and yet his Faith and Doubting differ as Faith and Unbelief do. But least of all, am I fond of making our Standards clash with the Doctrine of our Reformers; especially seeing our Assembly 1647, in their Acts receiving these Standards, declared, *That upon due Examination thereof, they were found by them to be most agreeable to the Word of God, and in nothing contrary to the received Doctrine of this Kirk;* Which was the Doctrine of the Reformation, and of other reformed Churches, on these Points. Several other new and strange Ways of speaking are interspersed among some late Writings, but it was not my Purpose to insist so long as I have done upon these Matters.

Serious Reader, I shall only add here, that my principal Design, in the following Sonnets, was, to commend Christ to your Soul; Especially as he is the Lord our Righteousness. And I hope you know that I cannot hyperbolize or exceed in the Commendation of Christ's Righteousness alone, as the Matter of our Justification before God. I think it worth the remarking here, how strict and accurate the Words of our Confession are, in excluding all Works from having any Share in this Matter, saying, *Those whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth; not by infusing Righteousness into them, but by pardoning their Sins, and accounting and accepting their Persons as righteous; not for any Thing wrought in them, or done by them but for Christ's sake alone; not by imputing Faith it self the Act of believing, or any other evangelical Obedience, to them, as their Righteousness, but by imputing the Obedience and Satisfaction of Christ unto them, they receiving and resting on him by Faith; which Faith they have not of themselves, it is the Gift of God.*

Reader, in all your mental Debates, or verbal Altercations about these Things and this Subject in particular, seriously bethink your self what is like to be your
Opinion

Opinion thereof, when you come to die, and are about to face the awful Tribunal of a just and holy God. And, in all such Points of eternal Moment, ever think that Part the safest, which doth least humor Man's Pride, and most exalt God's Glory; since the Scope of the Gospel is, to shut out Boasting, to bring in Self-denial, and to magnify the Righteousness of Christ, by which he hath magnified the Law, and made it honourable; and in the true and lively Faith of which, all true Peace, Heart-holiness, and practical Godliness is rooted. *Rom. v. 1. Act. xv. 9. Titus iii. 5, 8. Gal. iii. 16, 19.* Many Opposers of this Doctrine in their Lives, have owned it as the best Divinity at their Death and before it; such as *Bellarmino*, who was not alone in his *Tutissimum est, &c. 'Tis the safest Way to rest upon the Mercy of God in Christ alone for Salvation.* That the Lord may bless these following Lines, for thy holy Recreation, and for thy spiritual Edification and Comfort, is the cordial Prayer of him, who would fain presume to design himself

A Servant of Jesus Christ, and of thy
Faith in him.

Courteous Reader,

You'll please help the following Errata, and any others which may cast up to you in Reading, with your Pen: And it is expected you will not impute these, or any other, to the Author, he not having the Opportunity of revising the Book himself.

PAg. 28. line 15. for what humane read what humane. l. 32. f. Escapels r. Escapes. p. 32. f. seek r. seek. p. 35. l. 15. f. they r. thy. p. 42. l. 19. r. commiserate. p. 45. l. 19. f. Thron r. Throng. p. 48. l. 33. before Justice r. yet. p. 65. l. 22. f. paints r. pants. p. 76. l. 26. f. to fail r. do fail. p. 86. l. 11. r. only who. l. 13. r. its. p. 92. l. 12. f. I'm r. am. p. 106. l. 16. f. that all r. all that. p. 102. l. 25. r. treasured in.

Gospel-Sonnets :

OR,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PART I.

The Believers Espousals, &c.

A POEM upon

Isaiah liv. 5. *Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

CHAP. I.

A general Account of Man's Fall in Adam, and the Remedy provided in Christ; and a particular Account of Mens being naturally wedded to the Law, as a Covenant of Works.

A Marriage so mysterious, I proclaim,
 Betwixt two Parties of such diff'rent Fame,
 That humane Tongues might blush their Names to tell,
 To wit, the PRINCE of HEAV'N, the Heir of Hell.
 But on so vast a Subject who can find
 Words suiting the Conceptions of his Mind?
 Or, if our Language with our Thought could vie,
 What mortal Thought can raise it self so high?

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When Words and Thoughts both fail, may Faith and Prayer
Ascend, by climbing up the Scripture Stair.
From sacred Writ these strange Espousals may
Be explicated, in the following Way.

§ 1.

While Father *Adam* yet was Innocent,
He could the Law of Works with Works contend
Altho its high Demands could be no less
Than personal and perfect Righteousness.
These Terms tho Nature fall'n could never scann,
Yet were most easy to a sinless Man.
The Covenant of Works then on the Field
Perfection sought, Man could Perfection yield.
But by his Fall he quickly lost his Crown,
And from his Glory tumbled Head-long down,
Into a fearful Pit of Sin and Wo;
Where now he hath no Pow'r nor Will to do.
For his own Help he cannot stretch a Thought,
The total Sum, of what he can, is Nought.
He can indeed still more increase his Thrall:
He can destroy himself, and that is all;
But cannot now the Law Demands fulfil,
Its Precepts do surmount his Strength and Skill;
Its Threatnings, in their Rigor, must take place
On all the Disobedient humane Race.
They must ingulf themselves in endless Woes,
Who to the blessed GOD are cursed Foes.
Who natively his Precepts disobey
Must to incensed Justice fall a Prey.
In vain do Mankind now expect, in vain,
By legal Deeds eternal Life to gain:
Nay Death is threatned, Threats must have their due
Or Souls that sin must die, if GOD be true.

§ 2.

The second *Adam*, sov'reign Lord of all,
Did by his Father's authorizing Call,
From Bosom of eternal Love descend,
To save the Caitifs which did him offend:

To treat an everlasting Peace with those,
Who were, and ever would have been his Foes.
His Errant was, eternal Life to give
To them, whose Malice would not let him live.
To treat a Match with Rebels, and espouse
The Brat which at his Love her Spite avows.
Himself he humbled to depress her Pride,
And make his mortal Foe, his loving Bride.
But ere the Marriage can be solemniz'd,
All Letts must be remov'd, all Parties pleas'd,
Wrath threatned in the Law must be endur'd,
And Righteousness requir'd must be secur'd.
Stern Justice must have Credit by the Match,
Sweet Mercy, by the Heart, the Bride must catch;
Poor Dyvour, all her Debts must first be paid,
Her former Husband in the Grave be laid;
Her present Lover must be at the Cost
To save and ransom, to the uttermost.
If all these things this Suiter kind can do,
Then he may win her, and her Blessing too.
Hard Terms indeed! while Death's the first Demand,
But Love is strong as Death, and will not stand
To carry on the Sute, and make it good,
Tho at the dearest Rate of Wounds and Blood.
The Burden's heavy but the Back is broad,
The Glorious Lover is the mighty G O D;
Who, that he might his mighty Love display,
Restored what he never took away.
To God this Glory, to the Law its Due,
To Heav'n its Honour, to the Earth its Hue,
To Man a Righteousness divine, compleat,
A Royal Robe to sute the nuptial Rite.
He in her Favours, whom he lov'd so well,
At once did purchase Heav'n, and vanquish Hell.
What then can equal Love so vast, so strong,
So great, so high, so deep, so broad, so long?
His Love admits no Parallel, for why
At one great Draught of Love he drank Hell dry,
No Drop of wrathful Gall he left behind,
No Dreg to witness that he was unkind.

4

Gospel-Sonnets.

The Sword of awful Justice pierc'd his Side,
 That Mercy thence might gush out to the Bride:
 Her Debt of Doing, Suff'ring, both he hath
 Cancell'd, by his Obedience to the Death.
 Law-Precepts, Threatnings, not a Mite can crave;
 Thus for her former Spouse he digg'd a Grave.
 He to his Cross the Law did nail and pin,
 Then bury'd the Defunct his Tomb within,
 That he the Widow to himself might win.

§ 3.

But after all the Bride is malecontent,
 A Day of Pow'r must gain her Heart's Consent:
 Christ, the new Husband, she in Heart disproves,
 The Law, her old primordial Spouse, she loves.
 Her Livelihood she hopes thereby to have,
 Tho dead and bury'd in her Suter's Grave:
 Unable to give Life as once before,
 Unfit to be a Husband any more.
 Yet proudly she the new Address disdains,
 And all the blest Redeemer's loving Pains.
 The new and only Way of Life rejects;
 Life by the Law, or Legal-Works affects.
 In vain she seeks the Living 'mong the Dead,
 Or living Comforts in a lifeless Head.
 She still her dead and buried Husband loves,
 Which neither Life confers, nor Death removes.
 No Soul can Death escape, nor Life inherit,
 Till married to a Spouse of perfect Merit.
 But ah all Adam's blind deluded Race
 In their first Husband all their hope do place.
 They natively do seek, when Guilt doth press,
 Salvation in a home-bred Righteousness.
 They hope for Favour in J E H O V A H's Eyes,
 If by their Works they do what in them lies.
 Their primary Recourse is to the Law,
 A heavy Yoke no mortal Pow'r can draw;
 Yet Men attempt to tread this legal Path
 As naturally, as they draw their Breath.

Why

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

5

Why, faith the yet Law-wedded nat'ral Man,
Won't God be pleas'd, if I do all I can,
If I walk up unto my nat'ral Light,
And always strive to do the Thing that's right?
Shan't I, this way, be of his Heav'n possess'd,
And win his Favour, if I do my best?
Upon their ALL, their BEST, they're fondly mad,
While yet their ALL is nought, their BEST is bad.
Can Heav'n, or divine Favour, e'er be win
By those that are a Mass of Hell and Sin?
Proud Man his CAN DOES mightily exalts,
Yet are his brightest Works but splendid Faults.
The Sinner may have Shews of Good, but still
The best he can, even at his best, is ill.

§ 4.

Say, on what Terms then Heav'n will pleased be?
Why, sure, Perfection is the least Degree;
Yea more, a compleat Ransom must be given
For Trespas done against the Laws of Heaven.
These are the Terms. What humane Back so broad,
But must for ever sink beneath the Load?
A Surety must be found, or sink they must,
As sure as Justice infinite is just.
But says the proud, Self-righteous, legal Heart,
Which cannot with the former Husband part,
What, won't the Goodness of the God of Heaven
Accept Essays, when more can not be given?
He knows the Fall diminish'd hath our Funds,
Won't he accept of Penies now for Pounds,
Sincere Endeavours for Perfection take,
Or Terms more possible for Mankind make?
Ah, poor Divinity, and Jargon loose!
Such Hay and Straw will never build the House.
Mistake not here, poor Mortal don't mistake,
God changeth not, nor other Terms will make.
Will ever divine Truth it self deny,
Which once hath said that Man must DO or DIE?
Will God most true, extend to us, forsooth,
His Goodness, to the Prejudice of Truth?

A faithful God, to what he said will stand,
 His Holiness will have its full Demand;
 His Justice shall not suffer at our Hand.
 Will spotless Holiness be baffled thus,
 Or awful Justice be unjust for us?
 Shall Faithfulness be faithless for our sake?
 As we his Law, shall he his Word so break?
 Will God, as if his Wisdom-stock were spent,
 Dispense with Justice, to let Mercy vent?
 Will our great Creditor deny himself,
 And for full Payment take our filthy Pelf?
 Unworthy Thought! O let no mortal Clod
 Hold such base Notions of a Glorious God.
 Heav'n's holy Covenant with human Race
 Is either wholly Works, or wholly Grace.
 If Works do take the Field, then Works must be
 Most perfect to the very last Degree.
 Will God accept of less? nay, sure he won't
 With partial Mints, his perfect Law affront.
 Vain Man must be devor'd, and choose to take
 Another Husband, or a burning Lake.
 The Holy Word of God doth no where teach
 Some legal Terms, within our mortal reach.
 Sincerity accepted is, in those
 Who with the Surety have got Grace to close.
 It is the Quality of every Saint,
 Not the Condition of the Covenant.
 Just Heav'n did ne'er on this Consideration,
 To any Sinner grant the Great Salvation;
 Which God doth freely give for Christ's Desert,
 And whereof Uprightness is but a Part.
 Our natural Sincerity is naught;
 That which is sp'ritual is divinely taught:
 And when the Soul is taught to be sincere,
 He's taught to keep his Grace within its Sphere.
 No boasting doth the Law of Faith afford,
 Unless it be a boasting in the Lord.
 The Gospel Grace no change of Terms allows,
 But change of Persons, or another Spouse.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

7

The Nature that hath sinn'd must do and suffer,
No Terms more easy doth the Gospel offer.
It doth no other Law-abatement shew,
But only how the Law may have its Due.
Here we of no new Terms of Life are told,
But of a Husband to fulfil the old;
With whom alone, we're call'd by Faith to wed,
And let no Rival bruik the Marriage-bed.

§ 5.

But yet the Bride, for all that can be said,
Hath still a Hanking to her former Head.
When Light of Scripture, Reason, common Sense,
Can hardly mortify her vain Pretence
To legal Righteousness; yet if at last
Her Conscience doth begin to stand agast,
While she a Dread of Hell and Wrath doth find,
She on another Husband sets her Mind;
In hopes his Help, together with her own,
Will into favour turn Heav'n's awful Frown.
Vain selfish Mortals, when they hear of One,
In whom Salvation's to be had alone,
And Righteousness most full, their faithless Folly
Doth wed the Truth in part, but never wholly.
They won't be wholly Debtors unto Grace,
But by some Pains will meliorate their Case.
They think their State, ah, too too slightly view'd,
Needs only to be mended, not renew'd.
They hope their Tears and Pray'rs, and future Pains
Will for their former Failings make amends.
Thus to the legal Yoke they bow their Necks,
In Hopes that Christ will make up all Defects.
They cannot use his Righteousness alone,
But as a Stirrup, to exalt their own;
And thus proud Self, not Christ, must have the Throne.
They patch his glorious Robe with filthy Rags,
And burn but Incense to their proper Drags.
They vainly would, dress'd up in legal Trim,
Divide Salvation 'twixt themselves and him.

But

But know, vain Man, that to his Share must fall
 The Glory of the Whole, or none at all.
 Ah! Glorious Christ, the Way, is thus despis'd,
 The Way of Life by Doing, highly pris'd.
 But who among its Votaries can show it?
 He only loves it best, who least doth know it,
 Who by the Law in part, would save his Soul,
 Becomes a Debtor, to fulfil the whole;
 Its Pris'ner he remaineth, without Bail,
 Till ev'ry Jot be done; and if he fail,
 (As sure he must, since by our sinful Breach
 Perfection doth surmount all mortal Reach)
 Then curst for ever must his Soul remain,
 And all the Folk of God must say Amen.
 Why, seeking that the Law should him deliver,
 In Honour to the Law, he slights its Giver,
 Who offers his Law-biding Righteousness
 To be the naked Sinner's only Dress,
 In which he may with spotless Beauty shine
 Before the Eyes of Holiness Divine.
 In vain the Son of God this Web did weave,
 If our vile Rags can any Shelter give.
 In vain he any Threed of it did draw,
 If Souls can be o'ermantled by the Law.
 If Life come by the Law, in Part, or Whole,
 Then Christ did die in vain to save a Soul.
 Then these who Life by legal Works expect,
 Christ is become to them of no Effect;
 Because their legal Mixtures do, in Fact,
 Wisdom's grand Project plainly counteract.
 Thus nat'ral Prejudices do combine
 To frustrate all the Gospel's great Design.
 Man's Heart by Nature doth the Law espouse,
 No Paramour into its Throne allows.
 Tho' many seem, by Methods most prophane,
 No Favour to the Law to intertain,
 But break its Bonds, and cast its Cords away,
 That nothing their licentious Lusts may stay:
 Yet by these very Courses they declare,
 How strictly wedded to the Law they are.

Hopeless

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

9

Hopeless to pay Law Debt, they give it o'er,
Like desp'rate Debtors, still take on the more.
Despair of Success, shews their strong Desire,
Did not their Hope of Heaven by Works expire.
The Law, which can't 'em help, they fain would smother,
And scorn to be obliged to another;
Hence, both their legal Inclination shew,
And great Aversion to the Husband new.

CHAP. II.

The Manner of the Sinner's Divorce from the Law, in a Work of Humiliation; and of his Marriage to the Lord Jesus Christ; and so the Way how a Sinner comes to be a Believer.

§ 1.

NOW thus we find the backward Bride dispos'd;
How then shall e'er the blessed Match be clos'd?
Kind Heaven the Tumults of her Pride must quell,
And draw her Christward by the Gates of Hell.
The Bridegroom's Father, by his Holy Sp'rit,
Doth make her Conscience and the Law to meet,
Pursues her for her Debt, with awful Dread,
Till of a Surety she behold the Need.
He makes her former Husband's frightful Ghost
Appear and damn her, as a Wretch that's lost;
With Curses, Threatnings, Claps of Sinai Thunder,
Till her rocky Heart be rent asunder.
These humbling Methods in a various Measure
God doth dispense, according to his Pleasure;
But still he makes the fiery Law, at least,
Pronounce its awful Sentence in her Breast,
Till by the Law she see her self as lost,
And all her former Hopes give up the Ghost.
The Law its Debt doth now in rigor crave,
For tho' it can no human Creature save,

Since

Since now it's weak, and can't, through our Default,
 Its greatest Votaries to Life exalt ;
 Yet well it can command, with Fire and Flame,
 And to the lowest Pit of Hell condemn.
 Thus doth it, by Commission from above,
 Deal with the Bride, when Heaven would court her Love.
 Now doth she startle at the *Sinai* Trump,
 Which casts her Soul into a dreadful Dump.
 She sees another Husband she must have,
 Or else be lost for ay in Tophet's Grave.
 Of Christ the glorious Husband next she hears,
 But that he never match with her she fears.
 And here, her nat'ral, legal Heart again
 Doth shew its self, to her great Loss and Pain.
 For when he doth present himself to be
 Her Husband, then she thinks, Ah, is not he
 Too Glorious for such a filthy Bride?
 Not knowing that this Thought bewrays her Pride:
 Even Pride of Merit, Pride of legal Duty ;
 Expecting Heav'n should love her for her Beauty.
 Unmindful that the Fall defac't her Feature,
 And made her but a black unlovely Creature ;
 Deform'd without, and all defil'd within,
 Incapable of any Thing but Sin.
 Heav'n courts not any for their comely Face,
 (But only, for the Praise of Sov'reign Grace,)
 Else ne'er had courted one of *Adam's* Race.
 Yet here the Bride imploys her legal Wit,
 How she, for such a Husband, should be fit :
 She hopes he then with Credit would her wed,
 If once some gracious Qualities she had.
 But here, in humble Pride, her Spirit flags,
 She cannot think of coming all in Rags.
 Were she a humble, faithful Penitent,
 Why then she dreams he would be well content.
 Base Varlet ! thinks she'd be a Match for him,
 Did she but put herself in handsom Trim.
 Ah, foolish Thoughts ! in legal Deeps that plod ;
 Ah, sorry Notions of a Sov'reign God !

PART I.

The Believers' Espousals.

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Doth God expose his great, his glorious Son,
 For our vile Baggage to be sold and won?
 Ah! if our sinful Modesty decline
 This blessed Match, till we be brisk and fine,
 When shall it then take Place? Ah, truly never;
 The blessed Bargain must flee up for ever.
 Mens Pride the Garden of the Law but delves,
 Who thus would save and sanctify themselves:
 Then hoping Christ will save from further Thrall,
 Do scorn to be oblig'd to him for all.
 Vainly they first would wash themselves, and then
 Come to the Fountain to be washt more clean;
 First heal themselves, and then would come for Balm;
 Ah! many slightly heal their sudden Qualm,
 They heal their Conscience with a Tear, or Pray'r,
 And seek no other Christ, but perish there.)
 O search the House, Man, there you'll find the Thief
 That steals away the Heart, great Unbelief.
 How can you have a Quality that's good,
 Till once you come to Jesus's cleansing Blood?
 The Pow'r that draws the Bride, doth also shew
 Unto her, by the Way, her hellish Hew:
 As void of every Good that can commend
 The Soul, that can do nothing but offend:
 Till Sov'reign Grace the filthy Bride shall catch,
 Can ever she be fit for such a Match?
 Lost qualify'd they are in Heav'n to dwell,
 Who see themselves most qualify'd for Hell.
 Before the Bride can drink Salvation's Cup,
 Kind Heav'n must reach to Hell, and take her up!
 For nought, that in her self could e'er be found,
 Can she be lov'd, but on some other Ground.
 Yet still she from her Suiter stands aback,
 Because she in her self some Good doth lack,
 To make her lovely; thus the backward Bride
 Offronts her Husband, with her modest Pride,
 Doth shew her Hatred of her heav'nly Lover,
 Pride under Mask of Modesty discover:
 Would partly save herself; thus doth in Folly
 Despise the Husband, who would save her wholly.

So

S. 2.

So ill affected doth she stand, and now
 Heav'n casts on her a yet more cloudy Brow.
 The Law must come with more condemning Power,
 And scorch her Conscience with a fiery Shower.
Sinai must thunder louder than before,
 And in her proud and lofty Breast must roar.
 Heav'n's Storm ariseth now from ev'ry Airth,
 In Ways more terrible to shake the Earth:
 Till Haughtiness of Men be sunk thereby,
 That Christ alone may be exalted hy.
 Therefore to mortify this tow'ring Pride,
 The Law comes closer home upon the Bride.
 New Flashes of Law-light are darted in,
 For by the Law the Knowledge is of Sin:
 O Wretch, (it cries) thou under Foot hast trode
 Th' Authority of a commanding God,
 Thou, like thy Kindred which in *Adam* fell,
 Art but a Law-ranversing Lump of Hell.
 And now the Bride begins, with Fear and Terror,
 To see her legal, Self-exalting Error.
 Why, the Commandment comes, Sin is reviv'd,
 Which lay so hid, while to the Law she liv'd,
 Infinite Majesty in God is seen,
 And infinite Malignity in Sin,
 That to its Expiation must amount
 A Sacrifice of infinite Account.
 Stern Justice its Severity doth shew,
 The Law's most vast Extent is in her View;
 She sees for such a Standard nothing meet
 But an Obedience sinless and complete.
 Her Cob-web Righteousness, once in Renown,
 Is with a happy Vengeance now swept down.
 She, who of daily Sins did once but prat,
 Sees now her sinful and condemned State.
 Her Heart, where once she thought some good did dwell,
 The Devil's Cab'net, fill'd with Trash of Hell.
 The House she shelter'd in, in former Years,
 Doth now come tumbling down about her Ears.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

13

Her former rotten Faith, Repentance, Graces
 Are seen but idle Fancies, ugly Faces.
 Her nat'ral Goodness now appears but Trash,
 That can't abide one fiery *Sinai* Flash.
 She that esteem'd her self so good, so civil,
 Thinks now her Heart much blacker than the Devil.
 She, that was once so gay, doth now appear
 A worthless Wretch, as ever Earth did bear.
 Her former Hopes and Confidence she sees
 Vanish now, as Refuges of Lies.
 Once thought she, Heaven would ne'er be so unjust,
 To damn so many Lumps of humane Dust,
 Form'd by himself; but now she sees it true,
 Damnation is no less than Sinners due.
 Sea, with the Divine Sentence joins so well,
 That she her self condemns her self to Hell:
 She therein doth his Righteousness acquit,
 And judge her self unto the lowest Pit.
 Her Language, Oh if God shall damn, I must
 From Bottom of my Soul, declare he's just;
 But if on me Salvation shall take Place,
 O, how will I admire his sov'reign Grace!
 Oh, if he set the like of me on hy,
 No Tongue shall sing his Praise so loud as I.
 Nothing have, nor can, but sin, I see:
 O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, pity me.
 Now all Self-justifying Pleas are dropt,
 Most guilty she becomes, her Mouth is stopt;
 In stead of Self-conceit, now, now her Breast
 Bursts out with, Ah, I'm but a wretched Beast,
 A hellish Brat, most destitute of Grace,
 That can't be moved with my dismal Case;
 That neither can believe, nor mourn, nor pray!
 Her pride of Duties thus doth flee away.
 She, like a dead, hard, stupid wretched One,
 Lies on the Dust, and cries, Undone, undone.

§ 3.

In this sad Plight, when she her self doth see
 The vilest Sinner out of Hell to be,

The

The blackest Monster in the whole Creation,
 Despairing in her self of all Salvation:
 When nothing else seems in her Heart to dwell
 But Atheism, Enmity and Hell:
 When Death and Ruine seem as hard at Hand,
 And when she cannot for her Heart command
 A Sigh to ease it, or a gracious Thought,
 Tho' thereby Heav'n and Glory could be bought:
 When, wholly without Strength to move or stir,
 The Glorious Husband then appears to her.
 Even in this Case, most readily, he doth
 Display his Glory, full of Grace and Truth.
 He shews for ordinary, in that Hour,
 Himself a Saviour, both by Price and Pow'r.
 He lets her see that he can save the Lost;
 Yea, save and ransom to the uttermost:
 That he can lift her up from deepest Grave,
 From lowest Hell, to highest Heav'n can save;
 From blackest Guilt of Sin, by's glorious Merit,
 From vilest Filth of Sin by's holy Spirit.
 At *Sinai* Foot, she little understood
 How these Law-humblings were design'd for Good,
 To make her prize her worthy Husband's Blood:
 Conviction's Dart did pierce her Heart, that so
 The Blood from his pierc't Heart, to her's might flow
 The blessed Husband, at the Law's strict School,
 Did warmly teach her, that she was a Fool:
 That as her legal Self-conceit doth break,
 Christ for her only Wisdom she might take.
 The Law's sharp Plough tears up the Fallow-Ground
 In which no Grain of Grace was to be found;
 Till straight, perhaps, behind the Plough is sown
 The hidden Seed of Faith, tho' yet unknown.
 The Sinner could not, would not give Consent:
 But now the Husband makes the Bride content;
 Content with Christ, for better and for worse;
 Content that he should make a clean Divorce
 Betwixt her and her former Head the Law,
 That her whole Heart he to himself may draw;

PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

15

Content that he should ever wear the Bays,
 And of her whole Salvation have the Praise;
 Content that he should rise, tho' she should fall,
 Yea to be Nothing, that he may be All;
 Content that he (because she nought can do)
 Do for her all her Work, and in her too;
 Content that he, (yea here she's peremptory)
 That he do all the Work, get all the Glory.
 Hence comes she to him, in her naked Case,
 To be o'ermantled with his Righteousness:
 She comes, as guilty, to a Pardon free;
 As vile and filthy, to a cleansing Sea;
 As poor and empty, to the richest Stock;
 As weak and feeble, to the strongest Rock;
 As perishing, to One that saves from Thrall;
 As worse than nothing, to an All in All.
 She, as a dark, a blind, and ignorant Fool,
 Doth come for Teaching to the Prophet's School;
 She, as a Hell-deserving worthless Beast,
 Flees for Attonement, to the worthy Priest;
 She, as a Captive, under Lust's sad Reign,
 Doth come for Freedom to the glorious King.
 Her Plagues and Maladies she doth bring forth
 To this Physician, of eternal Worth;
 She spreads her filthy Ulcers him before,
 And lays her broken Bones down at his Door.
 She hath no Good to buy a Crumb of Bliss;
 So cometh guilty, filthy, as she is.
 Why, Sin and Satan of all Good bereft her,
 Therefore she cannot come, but as they left her.
 She comes, by Faith indeed, which shews her Want,
 And brings her as a Sinner, not a Saint:
 A wretched Sinner flying for her Good,
 To justifying, sanctifying Blood.
 Drain'd now of ev'ry Thing that Man may call
 Terms and Conditions of Relief from Thrall,
 Except this Term alone, That Christ do all.
 When God upon the Bride bestoweth Faith,
 It finds her under Sin, and Guilt, and Wrath,

}

And

And makes her, as a plagued Wretch, to fall
 At Jesus Footstool, for the Cure of all.
 Her whole Salvation now in him she seeks,
 And thus, unto her self, perhaps, she speaks:
 "O! all my Burdens may in him be eas'd:
 "The Justice I offended, he hath pleas'd;
 "The Heav'n which I did forfeit, he secur'd;
 "The Curse that I deserved, he endur'd;
 "The Law that I have broken, he obey'd;
 "The Debt that I contracted, he hath pay'd:
 "And tho' a Match unfit for him I be,
 "I find that ev'ry Way he's fit for me.
 O if he would himself to me impart,
 I think I'd welcome him with all my Heart.
 But thou that sav'st by Price, must save by Power:
 O send thy Spirit, in a mighty Shower
 Of warm Supplies, my frozen Heart to thaw,
 Which cannot, will not come, until thou draw.
 O draw me, draw me, Lord, and then I'll run;
 The coldest Ice will melt with warmest Sun.
 I own my self a Mass of Sin and Hell,
 A Brat that can do nothing but rebel.
 But hast thou not ascended gloriously,
 That thou might'st captive lead Captivity;
 And hast got Gifts, not for they proper Gain,
 But Royal Gifts for most rebellious Men?
 O then, let me a Rebel now come Speed;
 Thy holy Spirit is the Gift I need:
 He and his Graces is the glorious Grant,
 Which thou hath promis'd, and my Soul doth want.
 Thou art exalted to the highest Place,
 To give Repentance out, and ev'ry Grace.
 O Giver of spiritual Life and Breath,
 The Author and the Finisher of Faith,
 Thou, Husband-like, must ev'ry Thing provide,
 If e'er the like of me become thy Bride.

§ 4.

And thus he opens her Eyes, which once were dim
 To see her whole Salvation lies in him:

That in dispensing it he is not nice,
But gives it without Money, without Price.
This doth augment the Wonder in her Eye,
Who sees she nothing hath, wherewith to buy.
Glory to the Lord that Grace is free,
For else it ne'er had come to guilty me.
Nothing had with me to be its Price,
Except black Guilt, great Enmity and Vice:
Who once indeed, she could presume to come
To Grace's Market, with a petty Sum
Of Duties, Prayers, Tears, and such a Set;
Expecting Heav'n would thus be in her Debt.
These were her Price, at least she did suppose
She'd be the welcomer because of those:
But now she sees the Blackness of her Beauty.
The Wickedness that cloggeth ev'ry Duty,
The Sin that in her Holiness doth move,
The Enmity that doth attend her Love,
The great Heart-hardness of her Penitence,
The Stupidness of all her nat'ral Sense,
The Unbelief of all her former Faith,
The utter Nothingness of all she hath,
The Blackness, Vileness of her Tears and Pray'rs,
And doth renounce them all, as filthy Wares.
And having nothing to commend her self,
At what might damn her, her embazl'd Pelf;
She at free Grace's Feet doth prostrate fall,
Content to be in Grace's Debt for all.
Thus sweetly, humbly, doth she view at length
Christ as her only Righteousness and Strength.
He with the View, doth cast his loving Dart,
And fastens it most deeply in her Heart.
The deeper that the Law its Dart did throw,
The deeper now the Dart of Love doth go:
Hence, sweetly pain'd, her Cries to Heaven do flee,
O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me.
O glorious Christ! O Beauty, Beauty rare!
Ten thousand, Thousand Heav'ns are not so fair.
But wilt thou, Lord, in very deed, come dwell
With me that was, a burning Brand of Hell?

" Yea, sure thine Errand to our earthly Coast
 " Was in great Love to seek and save the Lost.
 " And since thou seek'st the like of of me to wed,
 " O come, and make my Heart thy Marriage Bed.
 " Fair Jesus, wilt thou marry filthy me?
 " Amen, Amen, Amen. So let it be.



CHAP. III.

*The Fruits of the Marriage, particularly Gospel Holiness
and Obedience to the Law as a Rule.*

§ I.

THE Match is made, it's done with little din,
 But with great Pow'r, the Lamb his Bride has
 He's fairly win his Bride for evermore ;
 And she hath win her Husband and his Glore.
 The Floods of everlasting Love and Grace,
 Which ran but under Ground so long a Space,
 Now rise above the Banks of Sin and Hell,
 Yea, do so vastly, yet so sweetly swell,
 As to bear down before them Hell and all
 The Hills of Guilt, rais'd by her Sin and Fall.
 Christ as her only All she now doth own,
 And at his blessed Feet she casts her Crown :
 Disclaiming all her former, groundless Hope,
 While in the Dark her weary Soul did grope.
 He kindly thus destroy'd her Self-conceit,
 In him alone she sees her self complete.
 Her blest new Husband now she doth embrace,
 With Heart and Hand, and all her Hope doth place
 On his full Merit, Spirit: And doth draw
 No Hope nor Expectation from the Law.
 She's apt indeed, through her adult'rous Heart,
 To take her old renounced Husband's Part ;
 A legal Covenant is so ingrain'd
 Upon the Nature laps'd, which Sin hath stain'd,

That, till her Soul mount to the purest Clime,
 She is not totally divorc't in Time.
 Hence come the following Failings, more or less,
 Referring her imperfect holy Dress
 Above her Husband's perfect Righteousness.
 Hence more Rejoicing in her Grace, that's given,
 Than in her Head and Stock, that's all in Heaven.
 Hence grieving more for want of Frames and Grace,
 Than want of him, in whom all Good takes Place.
 Hence Sins imprisons her, and Lusts prevail,
 While finding that her legal Helps do fail,
 Her faithless Heart rejects her Husband's Bail.
 Hence Doubts and Darkness, and disturbing Fears,
 While faithless of his clearing Law-arrears.
 Hence Duties are a Task, while she doth draw
 The heavy Yoke of her Old-Covenant Law.
 Whereas, if once her legal Arm were broke,
 She'd find her Husband's Law an easy Yoke :
 Deriving Strength from him, her only Stock.
 But, like the old *Egyptian* Task, the Law
 Doth call for Brick, but will afford no Straw.
 Hence also fretting, grudging, discontent,
 Grav'd by the Law, finding her Strength is spent,
 And doubting if her Lord will pay the Rent.
 Hence Pride of Duties too, sometimes doth swell,
 While judging that she hath performed well.
 Hence Pride of Graces, and inherent Worth,
 All from her legal Byas springing forth.
 Hence many new Conversions doth she need,
 Because her unbelieving Heart doth breed
 Such sad departure from her living Head,
 Who, that he may convince her of her Crimes,
 Is fit to leave her to her self oft times :
 That falling into fearful Depths, she may
 From sad Experience, learn her Stress to lay
 Less on her self, and more on him, at length,
 Who is her only Righteousness and Strength.
 Whereas, while from the Law her Strength she borrows,
 Her legal Spirit breeds her many Sorrows.

§ 2.

But he that hath begun the Work in her,
 Whose working Hand doth drop the sweetest Myrrh,
 Will still advance it by alluring Force,
 Until he work a more entire Divorce.
 In Kindness therefore doth the heav'nly Lover
 Again his Beauty to her Heart discover :
 That when her Eyes his Glory do behold,
 She may be cast into his holy Mould.
 For while he shews the Beauty of his Grace,
 There is a smiling Favour in his Face,
 Which wafts her Soul up to the heav'nly Pole,
 And to his Image doth transform her Soul
 From one Degree of Glory to another,
 Till she be wholly like her elder Brother.
 And thus more Holiness she doth obtain
 Than all the Popish, hypocritish Train
 Of Merit-mungers, and their subtil Apes,
 In all their closest, finest legal Shapes.
 No lawful Child is born before the Marriage;
 And hence, whatever be their civil Carriage,
 The Fruit they bear is but a spurious Brood,
 Before this happy Marriage be made good.
 And 'tis not strange ; for of an evil Tree
 No Fruit that's good can e'er produced be :
 Whereas the Bride, join'd to her living Root,
 Brings forth spiritual and accepted Fruit.
 Yea, when her Husband fair and she doth meet,
 Her fruitful Womb is like an Heap of Wheat,
 Beset with fragrant Lilies round about,
 All Divine Graces, in a comely Rout,
 Burning within, and shining bright without.
 Thus doth the Bride, as sacred Scripture saith,
 When dead unto the Law, through Jesus's Death,
 And marry'd to him, bear to God and Christ
 Fruit with his aromattick Incense Spice't.
 Freed from Law-Debt, and blest with Gospel-Ease,
 Her Work is now her Husband dear to please :

ly living on him, as her only Stock,
 and leaning to him, as her mighty Rock.
 The Fruit which each Law-wedded Spirit brings,
 to Self is brought, because from Self it springs;
 but Christ his Bride's sweet Fruit doth hence commend,
 as brought from him, her Root; to him, her End.
 The Work which he begins, he likewise crowns,
 though yet, through various Changes, Ups and Downs,
 thus, through the darksome Vail, she makes her Way,
 until the Morning dawn of Glory's Day.

Proud Nature may reject this Gospel Theme,
 and curse it as an *Antinomian* Scheme.
 Let Slander bark, let Envy grin and fight,
 the Curse that is so Causelets shall not light.
 Those who fain would make, by holy Force,
 twixt Sinners and the Law a clean Divorce,
 to court the Lamb, a Virgin chaste to Wife,
 be charg'd as Foes to Holiness of Life;
 well may they suffer gladly on this Score,
 apostles great were so malign'd before.
 Do we make void the Law through faith? Nay, why,
 we do it more fulfil and magnify,
 than fiery Seraphs could with holiest Flash,
 be vain Legalists, unworthy Trash.

§ 3.

When as a Covenant the Law commands,
 with puts her Lamb's Obedience in its Hands:
 and when its Threatnings gush out like a Flood,
 with stops the Current, with her Victim's Blood.
 The Law can crave no more, yet crave no less
 than active, passive, perfect Righteousness;
 yet here is all, yea more than its Demand,
 reached to it by a divine Hand.
 Man's bound to serve it still; yea, more than they,
 eight Angels are obliged to obey.
 May by humane and angelick Blaze
 give Honour, but in finite, partial Ways:

These Natures have it's Lusture once deface't :
 T'will be by part of both for ay disgrace't :
 But Faith gives't Honour yet more great, more odd,
 The high, the humble Service of its God.

Next, take the Law as 'tis a Rule of Life,
 Faith makes the Bride the Lamb's obedient Wife.
 The Law true Honour from no Mortal hath
 Who knows not this Obedience of Faith.
 Faith works by Love, and purifies the Heart,
 And Truth advanceth in the inward Part.
 Faith sets upon the Heart a Stamp divine,
 And when in Act, doth make the Life to shine.
 The Law most Honour, God most Glory hath
 From *Abram's* Seed, that are most strong in Faith.
 Wherever Faith of Divine Sort takes Place,
 It is a sanctifying holy Grace,
 And gives more Honour to the holy Law
 Than all Work-mungers which the Earth e'er saw.
 In true good Works they don't so much as dip,
 Who never were Jehovah's Workmanship,
 Created in Christ Jesus to the same ;
 Good Works, abstract from this, are but a Name.
 Morality in *Heathens* may outshine
 The Works, that flow not from a Faith Divine.
 Pretenders many unto Faith we have,
 But ah, it is a Faith that cannot save.
 They say, they trust in God, hope in his Mercy,
 But never brought it into Controversy,
 If this their Grace, of which they make Report,
 Be of a saving, or a damning Sort.
 They think their Sins are ill, true ; but it's sad
 They never thought their Faith and Hope were bad.
 Their nat'ral home-bred Faith is but a Blaze,
 Who say they have believed all their Days,
 But never found their Unbelief, nor saw
 The Need they have of Divine Pow'r to draw.
 They that pretend to Faith, yet live in Sin,
 May judge from thence their Faith is to begin :
 They will by this imaginary Faith
 Believe themselves to everlasting Wrath.

If any Fruit from such a Faith they find,
The Fruit it bears is but a Bastard-kind :
Not good Fruit to the God of Heav'n, but evil
Unto their Father that's in Hell, the Devil.
But where a Heav'n-born Faith doth once take Root,
It cannot but produce most holy Fruit.
No Fruit is good but what proceedeth from
Faith's pow'rful, fertile and prolifick Womb :
Tho' Faith hath nothing of its own, but brings
Auxiliaries from the King of Kings,
Who doth his holy Sp'rit and Grace impart,
And writes his holy Law into the Heart.
Yea, Faith employs the mighty Pow'r of God,
To carry on the Soul in Duty's Road.
It drains the Soul of Self and legal Aims,
And to the Strength of Christ alone it claims.
And thus its Service to the Law o'rtops
The highest Zeal of *Pharisaick* Phops.

§ 4.

Thus doth the Husband by his Father's Will
Both for and in his Bride the Law fulfil :
For her, as 'tis a Covenant, and then
For her, as 'tis a Rule of Life to Men.
First all Law-Debt he doth compleatly pay,
Then of Law-Duties all the Charge defray ;
For having pay'd her Debt, he helps to Duty,
And makes his filthy Bride a holy Beauty.
So that his perfect Righteousness doth grant,
His holy Image also doth implant.
So that his Graces in her Heart doth drop,
Will give his precious Seed a glorious Crop.
Tho' on Earth it suffers sad Decays,
The Branch it grows on will it highly raise.
The Holiness of Life none can come speed,
While separated from this holy Head.
No Man can bear a Grain of holy Fruit,
Until ingrafted in this living Root.
The Hypocrite's in his Devotion whole,
A painted Puppet, not a living Soul.

No Off-spring but the Bride of Christ's is good,
 This happy Marriage hath a holy Brood.
 Let Sinners learn this Mystery to read,
 No Fruit do we bring forth unto our Head,
 Till, through the Law, we to the Law be dead.
 No true Obedience to the Law, but force't,
 Shall any yield, till from the Law divorce't.
 Obedience to it as a Rule they want,
 Till driven from it as a Covenant.
 Yea more, till Men do this Divorce obtain,
 Divorce from Sin they do attempt in vain;
 For ev'ry Man the Yoke of Sin doth draw
 Till once he be divorced from the Law.
 Yea, Sin's Dominion cannot but take Place
 While Men are under Law, not under Grace;
 Why, nothing doth our Enmity remove
 But Grace, or free Displays of divine Love.
 Could Sinners hear a faithful God but say,
 That no more Debt remains for them to pay,
 But that the Surety all Law-Debt discharg'd;
 How would their Hearts be then with Love enlarg'd
 Love, which is the fulfilling of the Law,
 Were then the Yoke which they would sweetly draw,
 Love would constrain, and to his Service move,
 Who left them nothing more to do but love.
 Yea, did his Love but circumsise their Heart,
 They could not but their Love to him impart;
 And judge themselves obliged to obey
 Their Husband's loving Precepts ev'ry way:
 Yea, more obliged to Obedience,
 Than ever *Adam* was in Innocence.
 Why now the Bride's not call'd to win Salvation
 By her Obedience, nor to shun Damnation:
 But bound from Gratitude, to serve him well,
 Who both hath purchast Heav'n, and vanquisht Hell,
 Without all legal Hope, or slavish Fear,
 The Oars of Gospel Service now to steer,
 In Holiness and Righteousness for ever,
 Before him, who from Foes doth her deliver.

To him she owes of Love the greatest Sum,
Who bought her Heav'n, and sav'd from Wrath to come.
She can't but chuse to be a loving Wife,
To serve him in his Strength through all her Life,
And seek to glorify his Name for ay,
Who left her not a single Mite to pay
To th' Law, as 'tis a Covenant of Life,
Which he discharged fully, for his Wife.
The Ground she moves upon should be from hence
Not servile Fear, but loving Reverence.

§ 5.

The Glorious Husband's Love can't lead the Wife
To Whoredom, or Licentiousness of Life;
Nay, nay, she finds his warmest Love within
The hottest Fire, to melt her Heart for Sin.
His Love to her is ay the strongest Cord,
To bind her to the Service of her Lord.
The more assured Faith she hath of this,
The more his Law her Delectation is.
Men think, could they to this Assurance win,
They then might take their Liberty in Sin.
Ah Ignorance! they do but in this Case,
Bewray their total Want of saving Grace.
For all in whom the Grace of God doth reign,
They know his Grace to be a holy Thing.
Curst they indeed, whose *Antinomian* Dress
Makes Christ a Covert for their Idleness.
If Grace but act, O how the Bride will lothe
To make her Lord a Pillow for her Sloth!
Why, shall she sin, that Grace may thence abound?
Oh, God forbid! the Thought doth her confound.
She's dead unto the Law, and dead to Sin,
How can she any longer live therein?
She's now a Slave to none of them, but rather
A Servant to a better Lord than either.
Grace to God's Service doth more sweetly draw,
Than Hell, and all the Curses of the Law.

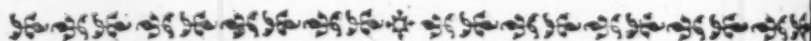
CHAP. IV.

A Caution to all against a legal Spirit.

BUt says the subtile Heart of Legalists,
 So bound unto the Law by nat^ral Twists,
 What needeth all this Work about Divorce?
 Mens Lives are ill, and would we have them worse?
 These *Antinomians* spoil all humane Beauty,
 What, would the Man divorce us all from Duty?
 Why all this Work about the Law and Grace?
 We know that Merit cannot now take Place,
 And what needs more? we'll not let Slander drop,
 Let Merit for a little be the Scope.
 Ah, many learn to speak in soundest Terms,
 Who yet imbrace the Law, with legal Arms.
 Tho' some by wholesome Education taught,
 Do own that humane Merit now is naught:
 Yet ah, they but renounce proud Merit's Name,
 And more refin'dly wed the Popish Scheme:
 While by their Works they hope for divine Bliss,
 And when they fail, trust Christ for what's amiss.
 They to his Righteousness pretend to flie,
 But by it, Saviours of themselves would be.
 To Works of Merit, tho' they seem as Foes,
 Yet seek Salvation, as it were, by those:
 Gentiles it found, who did not seek nor know;
 But *Isra'l* lost it all, who sought it so.
 Let these who won't cast off their legal Dress,
 Mind that as Sin, so Bastard Righteousness
 Hath slain its Thousands, who in touring Pride
 The Righteousness of Jesus Christ deride.
 A Righteousness as good as God can make it,
 But Man esteems his own, and will not take it:
 He may pretend Law-works to be deny'd,
 Yet would by Gospel-works be justify'd,
 By Faith, Repentance, Love, and other such,
 These Dreamers, ah, are righteous over much,
 Such *Uzza's* give our Ark a wrongful Touch.

By legal Works, however Gospeliz'd,
Tremenduous Justice ne'er can be appeas'd,
Or Sinners justify'd before that God,
Whose Law is perfect, and exceeding broad.
Nay, Faith it self, that leading, precious Grace,
As 'tis a Work, shall never here have Place.
Not Faith, nor any Act of it, nor Fruit
Doth God to Men for Righteousness impute.
Faith's Object, Christ's Obedience unto Death,
This justifying Honour only hath.
Faith from its glorious Object hath its Fame,
Its great Renown, and justifying Name.
Faith whereby all is taken, nothing bought,
Receiveth all Things, but deserveth nought.
It's highest Name is from its Wedding Vote,
As instrumental in the Marriage Knot.
Jehovah lends the Bride in that blest Hour,
Th' exceeding Greatness of his mighty Pow'r:
Which sweetly doth her Heart-content command
To reach her Husband fair, her naked Hand;
For to embrace him, never would she stir,
Till first his loving Hand embraced her.
He's wont to shew her, in his first Address,
His Glory, as the Sun of Righteousness:
At which all Glories, which the Earth adorn,
Shrink like the sick Moon, at the wholesome Morn.
This glorious Sun, when mounting with a Grace,
Dark Shades of Creature Righteousness doth chase.
Then Faith disclaims its self, and all its Train
Of Vertues, which before were counted Gain,
And counts them Dung, with holy, meek Disdain: }
For then in Christ, who hath the sole Promotion,
All's swallowed up, as Rivers in the Ocean.
The Soul now taught of God, sees humane Schools
Do make all Christless Men but learned Fools;
And that, till divine Teaching sweetly draw,
No Learning will divorce them from the Law.
Or if they seem (by soundest Terms of Art)
Divorc't; 'tis in Profession, not in Heart.

Till sov'reign Grace and Pow'r the Heart do catch,
 It takes not Christ to be the only Match.
 Nay Works compete, ah true! however odd,
 Dead Works are Rivals with the living God:
 Till divine Light break in, no Man is brought
 To mortify his Self-exalting Thought.
 Heav'n must, in sov'reign Mercy, clear the Sight,
 Confound the Pride, with supernat'ral Light.
 Let holiest Souls, in humane Flesh that lodge,
 Have but their Life scann'd by the dreadful Judge,
 How shall they e'er his awful Search endure,
 Before whose purest Eyes, Heav'n is not pure?
 How shall their black Inditement be enlarg'd,
 When by him Angels are with Folly charg'd?
 What humane Worth shall stand, when he shal scan?
 O may his Glory stain the Pride of Man.



C H A P. V.

*An Encouragement to Gospel Ministers, to endeavour
 the Sinner's Match with Christ by Gospel Means.*

§ 1.

THE Publication of these Lines doth shew,
 They are content, tho' all the World should view.
 The Truth deliver'd needs no Subterfuge,
 Let Scripture and approv'd Standards judge.
 The Author doth indeed with Blush confess,
 And craveth Pardon for the rustick Dress.
 A clownish Speaker needs to make Confession,
 That Truth may suffer by his dark Expression.
 With carping Wits, the stumbling Pen may meet,
 But Truth advanced still will hold it's Feet.
 And since these rude, unpolish'd sorry Lines
 May fall into the Hands of sound Divines:
 Let those, o'erlooking frivolous Escapels,
 Try if this Shrub can yield some wholesom Grapes.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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May they encourag'd be from all that's said,
 By Gospel-Means, to make the Marriage Bed,
 And to their Lord a Virgin chaste to wed.
 The more proud Nature to the Law doth sway,
 The more should Preachers bend the Gospel Way.
 Oft in the Church arise most dangerous Schisms
 From Antievangelick Aphorisms.
 A legal Spirit may be Ground of Terror,
 As be'ng the fertile Womb of ev'ry Error.
 Hence Pop'ry, that's so natural to all,
 Makes legal Works a Saviour from Thrall ;
 Hence the *Socinian* sets his Reason hy,
 'Bove ev'ry precious Gospel Mystery,
 Yea with blasphemous Boldness dare oppose
 Its divine Author, Christ the *Sharon* Rose.
 Hence dare *Arminians* too, with brazen Face,
 Give Man's free Will, the Throne of God's free Grace ;
 Their Flesh-exalting Strain most clearly doth
 Shew Ignorance of Law and Gospel both
 Hence *Neonomians*, spring as some do call
 The new Law-Makers, to redress our Fall :
 The Law of Works into Repentance, Faith,
 Is chang'd ; as their *Baxterian* Bible saith.
 They turn the Gospel to an easy Law,
 And build their tott'ring House with Hay and Straw,
 Yet hide (like *Rachel's* Idols in the Stuff)
 Their legal Hands within a Gospel Muff.
 Yea hence, ev'n *Antinomian* Dust doth rise,
 Whose gross Abettors are not yet so wise,
 To see how Gospel Grace doth sweetly draw
 Its Captives to Obedience of the Law.

§ 2.

No wonder *Paul* the legal Strain doth curse,
 Since of all Errors thus it is the Nurse ;
 He in *Jehovah's* and in Christ's great Name
 Condemns Perverters of the Gospel Scheme,
 Damns Men of Parts, whose Sophisms would it smother,
 Yea, curses Angels that shall preach another :
 A Crime of which they're charg'd, who do dispense
 The self-same Gospel in another Sense.

Christ

Christ is not preached truly, but in Word,
 If Men do only draw the legal Sword :
 While Christ, as Author of the Law, they press,
 More than as th' End of it for Righteousness.
 Christ a commanding King to rule, they shew,
 More than a conquering King first to subdue.
 Christ as a Seeker of our Service, trace,
 More than a Giver of enabling Grace.
 Christ as a Lover of our Holiness,
 More than as Author of that lovely Dress.
 The Gospel Field with legal Spade he delves,
 Who thus drives Sinners in unto themselves :
 Who halve the Truth, which should be all reveal'd.
 The sweetest Part of Christ is oft conceal'd.
 We bid Men turn from Sin, but seldom say,
 Behold the Lamb, that taketh Sin away,
 Christ by the Gospel (rightly understood)
 Not only treats a Peace, but makes it good.
 These Suiters of the Bride, whose only Scope
 Is but to drag her with the legal Rope,
 But scarcely use the Gospel-drawing Cord,
 Hon'ring the Law, they but affront its Lord ;
 Yet seem the greatest Friends to Holiness,
 Betraying Jesus with a Judas-kiss.
 Highest Pretenders oft are least Partakers,
 Law-Boasters frequently are but Law-Breakers.
 Hell cares not how much Holiness be preach't,
 If Sinners Match with Christ be never reach't :
 Knowing their Holiness is but a Sham,
 Who ne'er are marry'd to the Holy Lamb.
 Let Words have never such a pious Shew,
 Which make a Blaze in rude Professors View,
 Yea, tho' with sacred Aromaticks spice't,
 If they but drown in Silence glorious Christ,
 (Or if he may some vacant Room supply)
 Do make him but a Subject by the by ;
 They mar the truest Holiness of all,
 To breed a Bastard Pharisaical.
 The Gospel Message they but sadly broke,
 And so make Havock of the Master's Flock.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals,*
Yet please themselves, and the blind Multitude,
By whom the Gospel's little understood.

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§ 3.

Rude Souls may think there is but little odds
Betwixt the Legal and the Gospel Roads:
But Men attempt in vain to blend the two,
They differ more than *Christ* and *Moses* do:
Moses the Gospel in the Types display'd,
But from the Law no Gospel Light convey'd.
The legal Way's by Nature known to all,
But Gospel My'stries so to none at all.
The legal Cov'nant now, in Part, or Whole
Can surely damn; but cannot save a Soul.
Law-Terrors may (through Grace) to th' Gospel draw,
And Gospel Grace leads back unto the Law:
The Law doth (as it is a Covenant)
Make Sinners see that they the Gospel want,
Then doth the Gospel pow'rfully incline
Men to the Law, (as 'tis a Rule divine.)
Preachers may therefore, press the fiery Law,
To put the Christless Sinner under Aw:
The Law, which for his Sins to Hell doth press,
Yea, damns him for his rotten Righteousness:
That when he sees the Law exceeding broad,
He may embrace the Righteousness of God.
But ah, to teach Law-Works, as Terms of Life,
Thus to renew the vain old Cov'nant Strife,
Was ne'er the Way to court the Lamb a Wife.
If we the Law and Gospel don't severe,
We set not Duties in their proper Sphere.
Make Law-Commands a Rule of Life, why not?
But not a Knife to cut the Gospel's Throat.
The legal Path Man's Nature loveth well,
Yet ah, 'tis but the cleanest Way to Hell.
The Man that walketh in the foulest Way,
Whose Wickedness no Bridle e'er could stay,
Let but his Conscience speak its nat'ral Voice,
The Way of Life by Works is still its Choice.

When

When prest, 'twill natively this Answer give,
 Indeed I ought to do, that I may live.
 The nat'ral Conscience of all humane Race
 Knows nothing of a Covenant of Grace;
 Nay, pusheth at the Gospel, like a Ram,
 As Proxy for the Law, against the Lamb.
 The proud Self-righteous *Pharisaick* Strain
 Is, *Bless'd be God, I'm not like other Men* :
 I read and pray, give Alms, I mourn and fast,
 And therefore hope I'll get to Heav'n at last.
 For tho' from ev'ry Sin I be not free,
 There are great Multitudes much worse than me :
 I do not swear, nor drink, nor cheat, nor whore ;
 Thus on the Law he builds his *Babel* Tow'r.
 Yea, even the greatest, vilest Debauchee
 Will make the Law of Works his very Plea ;
 Why, saith the Man, What take you me to be ?
 A *Turk* or *Infidel* ? (you lie) I'm neither
 A cursed *Pagan*, nor a *Papist* either ;
 I'm a good Christian, and hence I bode
 It shall be well with me I hope in God.
 An't I an honest Man ? nay, I defy
 That any can say, Black unto mine Eye.
 Perhaps, when the Reprover turns his Back,
 He'll loose more plagued Wares out of his Pack ;
 And with his Fellows, in a Strain more big,
 Bid damn the base, uncharitable Whig.
 Such Hypocrites forsooth (He'll proudly say)
 Think none shall ever get to Heav'n but they.
 We hope as well as they, for we may see
 The best have ev'n their Faults, as well as we.
 We have as good a Heart, we hope, as these,
 Altho' we do not make so great a Blaze.
 These strict Professors, whose foul Crimes are hid,
 Would damn us all to Hell, but God forbid :
 For tho' we don't pretend so much as they,
 We hope to get to Heav'n a shorter Way :
 We see God's Mercy, and are all along
 Most free of Malice, and do no Man wrong.

Thus devilish Pride o'erlooks a thousand Faults,
And on a legal Ground it self exalts.

This *Do and live*, that legal Covenant,
In ev'ry Mortal, is proud Nature's Vaunt.
Shall we, who should with Gospel-Methods draw,
And Sinners to their nat'ral Spouse, *the Law*,
Unless for Fire, their proud hard Hearts to thaw? }
Why thus, instead of courting Christ a Bride,
We harden Sinners, in their nat'ral Pride.

§ 4.

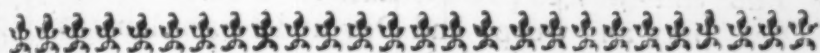
O let us not essay proud Flesh to please,
Nor hide in Silence Gospel-Mysteries.
God offers Men his Grace; shall we refuse it,
Or hide it under Ground, lest Men abuse it?
Suppress the Gospel Flow'r, upon Pretence,
That some vile Spiders may suck Poison thence?
Our Lord is set (shall this discourage any?)
Is for the Rise, so for the Fall of many.
Christ is a Stumbling-block; shall we neglect
To preach him, lest blind Fools should break their Neck?
No Part of divine Truth must be suppress'd,
Tho' Reprobates it to their Ruin wrest.
The Sun by which some hard'ned are, and harm'd,
Whereby are others mollify'd and warm'd.
What makes a saving Change i' th' Sinner's Case?
Nothing but free Displays of Gospel-Grace.
That legal Spirit surely may be blam'd,
That of the glorious Gospel is asham'd:
For 'tis alone this Gospel-Proc'lamation
That is the Pow'r of God unto Salvation;
For therein is reveal'd (as Scripture saith)
The Righteousness of God, from Faith to Faith.
The Revelation of this Gospel-Flower
Is just the Organ of Almighty Power.
The News of Christ's full Righteousness and Merit
Made the Ministration of the Spirit:
Hence that same holy Sp'rit prescribes a Task
To all proud legal Minds, while he doth ask,
Say, in what Channel is't, or in what Road,
That we receive the Holy Sp'rit of God?

Is't in the Gospel, or the legal Path,
 By legal Works, or by the Word of Faith?
 If by the Gospel only, then let none
 Dare to be wiser than the wisest One;
 Freely we do receive, let's freely give
 The Bread, which only makes dead Sinners live:
 That living Bread, that's of a quickning Nature,
 And preach the Gospel unto ev'ry Creature.
Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, is the Call;
 Which means not only sp'ritual Thirsters all,
 But mainly to their Door the Message brings,
 Who yet are thirsting after empty Things,
 Who spend their Means for that which is not Bread,
 And Pains for that which never satisfy'd.
 Here then the Gospel-Call such Thirsters means,
 Who vainly spend their Money and their Pains
 Ev'n on the World, and their vile Lusts, which can
 Bring no Advantage unto any Man.
 The Call directs them, if they would be blest,
 Unto a better Object of their Thirst:
 Let's then call Men to Christ, with sp'ritual Mirth
 To drink who need it, like the parched Earth;
 Whose wide Mouth'd Clefts proclaim when it is
 It's passive Thirst, without an active Cry.
 We must extend the Gospel-Call with Skill,
 And offer Christ to whosoever will:
 To Sinners of all Sorts, that can be nam'd,
 The Blind, the Lame, the Poor, the Halt, the Maim'd
 We are not to restrict this Gospel-Call,
 But open wide the Net, to catch them all:
 No Sinners are excluded that will come,
 Shall Right of Access be confin'd to some?
 Tho' none will come until they see their Need,
 Yet Right to come to Christ they have indeed.
 Such Right to Christ, his Promise, and his Grace
 That all are damn'd, who hear, and don't embrace.
 The Gospel-Offer but a Sham we make,
 If ev'ry Sinner have not Right to take.
 Then, Gospel-Guides, be fortify'd from this,
 To trumpet Grace, howe'er the Serpent hiss;

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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For Gospel-Preachers and Believers may
For Slander and Reproach their Measures lay;
They never can therefrom be wholly fence't;
This Sect will ev'ry where be spoke against,
While Satan to and fro the Earth doth cross,
(Who still was ἀδελφῶν κατήγορος.)
In spite of Hell, may't be our constant Strife
To win the glorious Lamb a Virgin Wife.



CHAP. VI.

*An Exhortation to all that are out of Christ, in Order to
their closing the Match with him; Together with a Word
of Terror to those who through Unbelief reject this glo-
rious Husband Jesus Christ.*

§ I.

Reader, if never yet thou didst him wed,
Nor yield they Heart to be his Marriage-Bed,
But with the Law are marry'd to this Day,
Which ne'er had Pow'r to draw thy Heart away
From thy base Lusts and other Lover's Charms,
Thou yet art fast lock't up in Satan's Arms.
And therefore, Sinner, as thou loves thy Life,
O seek to be the Lamb's betrothed Wife.
Art thou a legal Zealot, soft or rude?
Renounce thy nat'ral and acquired Good.
Know that good Motions may in some be found,
Much Joy in Hearing, like the Stony Ground;
They may the Blessing seek, with Sorrows, Feats,
As Esau sought it carefully with Tears:
Yet still with legal Self they may be spice't,
Converted unto Duties, not to Christ.
Touching the Law, they may most blameless seem,
Their selves and others may their Zeal esteem.
Yet Publicanes and Harlots Heav'nward go,
Before Self-righteous Ones like these do so.

Sooner may those cast off their wicked Dress,
 Than these blind Zealots will their Righteousness,
 Who think they have (which doth confirm their Pride
 The Law of God it self upon their Side.
 And hence no Pains, no Arguments can draw
 To Christ a Heart so wedded to the Law.
 But if this glorious Husband you would have,
 Know that your nat'ral Husband cannot save.
 Tho' you essay to pay the Law its Rent,
 Yea, pray and weep, and Day and Night lament :
 You cannot in the least the Law content.
 Your Life, tho' in Devotion passed o'er,
 Won't hinder it from craving more and more.
 There's no Proportion 'twixt its high Demands,
 And any Work from your defiled Hands;
 Perfection is the least that it commands.
 Would'st enter into Life, then, keep the Law ;
 But keep it perfectly, without a Flaw :
 It won't take less; nor will abate at last
 A Drop of Vengeance from the Sin that's past.
 Why, that's impossible for me, say you,
 Yea, so it is indeed; and therefore now,
 That all your legal Confidence may fall,
 The Law's black Doom home to your Bosom call.
 Lo, I (the Divine Law) demand no less
 Than everlasting, perfect Righteousness;
 But thou hast fail'd, and lost thy Strength to do,
 Therefore I doom thee to eternal Wo.
 In Prison thou must be shut up for ay,
 E'er I be baffled with thy partial Pay.
 Thou always didst, and dost my Precepts break,
 Therefore I curse thee to the burning Lake;
 In God the great Law-Giver's glorious Name,
 I judge thy Soul to everlasting Shame.
 No Flesh shall by the Law be justify'd,
 And wilt thou then thy legal Duties plead ?
 As *Paul* appeal'd to *Cesar*, wilt thou so
 Appeal unto the Law ? then to it go,
 And hear it doom thy Soul to endless Wo.

What, some may say, You'd lead us to despair:
Yea, so we would, yea, God would have you there.
It is his Will, that you despair of Life,
And Safety by the Law, or legal Strife,
That thence divorce't, his Son may have a Wife.
Till this Law-Sentence pass within your Breast,
You'll never wed the *Law-discharging Priest*.
You prize not Heav'n, till he through Hell you draw,
Nor love the Gospel, till you know the Law.
Know then, the Law is perfect, and it cares
For none of your imperfect legal Wares:
It dooms to Vengeance for thy sinful State,
Let be thy sinful Actions small or great.
If any Sin can be accounted small,
The Law doth doom thy Soul for one and all.
For Sins of Nature, Practice, Heart and Way,
Damnation Rent it summons thee to pay.
Yea, not for Sin alone, which is thy Shame,
But damns thee for thy Service, which is lame:
The Law adjudgeth Hell and thee to meet,
Because thy Righteousness is incomplete.
As tow'ring Flames burn up the wither'd Flags,
So will the fiery Law thy rotten Rags.

Where art thou, *Adam*? Soul, where art thou now?
Oh, art thou saying, Sir, What shall I do?
I dare not use that proud, Self raising Strain,
Go help your self, and God will help you then:
Nay, rather know, O *Isra'l*, that thou hast
Destroy'd thy self, and cannot in the least
Thy self from Sin, nor yet from Thralldom free,
Thy Help (says Jesus) only lies in me.
Jehovah's Word directs to him alone,
He hath laid Help upon this mighty One.
In him alone complete Salvation dwells;
He's God the Helper, and *there is none else*.
Fig-Leaves won't hide thee from the fiery Show'r,
It's only he that saves by Price and Pow'r.

§ 2.

What then, should we do nothing, may you say,
 But rest in Sloth, till Heav'n its Pow'r convey?
 Pray, stay a while, poor Soul, and don't abuse
 God's *awful Word*, which chargeth thee to use
 Means, Ordinances; which his Love doth place,
 To be the Channels of his pow'rful Grace.
 In Use of them be restless, till from Heaven
 The whole Salvation which thou need'st be given.
 Wait in these Means, to which he doth thee call,
 Upon the God who only worketh all.
 Would'st thou him wed? in Duties wait, I say,
 But marry not thy Duties, by the Way:
 Nay, go a little further, through them all,
 To him, who only can relieve from Thrall.
 It's in a Gospel-Way you're call'd to wait,
 And strive to enter in at this strait Gate;
 For many Souls unlearned and unstable
 Shall seek to enter in, and shan't be able:
 Because they do mistake the Way of Life,
 And make a Legal, not a Gospel Strife.
 They think their Use of Means doth bind the Lord,
 And to their own Destruction wrest his Word.
 Some Scriptures, such as, *Seek and ye shall find*,
 Are much abus'd by ev'ry legal Mind:
 Which popishly do make their moral Pains
 Most natively infer all saving Gains;
 While to the Word no Gospel Sense they give,
 Their *seek and find's* the same with, *Do and live*.
 The Sense, in which this *seek and find* they take,
 Is to their Ruin but a gross Mistake.
 Why, if we seek we get, they gather hence,
 Which is not true; but in the Scripture Sense,
 Christ there doth speak to Friends, and elsewhere faith
 These Seekers only speed, who ask in Faith.
 The Prayer of the Wicked is abhor'd,
 As an Abomination to the Lord.
 But tho' their Prayers God doeth not respect,
 They are more guilty, if they do neglect.

's sure the nat'ral Man is bound to pray,
Hence *Peter* leads the Sorcerer this Way.
For tho' the Christless, wicked Sinner's Pray'rs
Acceptance want, as they are Works of theirs;
And can, as their Performance, have no Sway,
Yet, as a divine Ordinance, they may.
But Heav'n hath not oblig'd it self to grant
The Suit of any Man, that's not a Saint.
Tho' these who do his Son in Marriage take,
He's bound himself to hear them, for his Sake;
Yet let no Christless Soul at Pray'r appear,
As if Jehovah were oblig'd to hear.
Hold Duty's Path, because a sov'reign God
Is wont to meet with Sinners in this Road.
He calleth thee to wait at Wisdom's Gate,
To read, to pray, to hear, to meditate;
Yet then thy Soul on Duties still be bent,
As Gospel-Means, but not as legal Rent.
Expect not thy Salvation from the same,
But from Jehovah in the Use of them.
The poor Man's Spirit never was so dull,
While waiting at the Gate, call'd *Beautiful*,
To hope for Succour from the Temple-Gate,
At which he daily carefully did wait:
But from the rich and charitable Sort,
Who to the Temple daily made resort.
Means, Ordinances are the comely Gate,
As which we daily are oblig'd to wait,
Not, that from these we have our Alms; but from
The lib'ral God, who there is wont to come.
If either we these Means shall dare neglect,
Or yet from these our Safety shall expect;
We from the Glory of that God defalk,
Who in the Galleries is wont to walk;
And do not rightly move in Duty's Road,
But turn our Duties to an Idol-God.
Seek Grace, when Gospel-Means you would essay,
That you may use them in a Gospel-Way.
Make never these the Price of Divine Favour,
Nor your Sin-expiating, cleansing Labour.

Expecting, when you have performed these,
 That now there's something done, your Judge to please;
 For thus you basely make an Idol-Christ
 Of Means, wherein you ought with him to triste;
 Would't buy his Gifts with thy vile Trash. He'll say,
 Thy Money perish with thy Soul for ay.
 Duties are Means, which to the Marriage-Bed
 Should chastly lead us, like a Chamber-Maid;
 But if with her, instead of Christ, we match,
 We not our Safety, but our Ruin hatch.
 To *Cesar* what is *Cesar's* should be given,
 But *Cesar* must not have what's due to Heaven;
 So, Duties should have Duties Room its true,
 But nothing of the glorious Husband's Due.
 Tho' Duties ought to have our close Attendance,
 Yet God and Christ alone our whole Dependence.
 If Duties, Tears, our Conscience pacify,
 They with the Blood of Christ presume to vye.
 Means are his Vassals, shall we (without Grudge)
 Discard the Master, and espouse the Drudge?
 The Hypocrite, the Legalist doth sin,
 To feed on Duties, not on Christ therein:
 He only lives on empty Dishes, Plates,
 Who dotes on Means, but at the Manna frets.
 Let never Means content thy Soul at all,
 Without the Husband, who is All in All.
 Cry daily for the happy Marriage-Hour;
 To you belongs the Mean, to him the Pow'r,

§ 3.

In fine, poor Soul, if thou wouldst ask at me,
What shall I do, that I may saved be?
 Why, if thou wouldst indeed Salvation have,
 Believe in Jesus who alone can save,
 And close with him, for Righteousness and Strength,
 Renouncing all thy legal Hopes at length.
 Believe, say you, I can no more believe,
 Than keep the Law of Works, the *Do and Live*.
 True; and it's so far good, if thou dost see
 The utter Want of all Abilitie.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

41

New Cov'nant Graces he alone can grant
 Whom God hath giv'n to be the Covenant.
 In this *New Cov'nant* Faith doth never hold
 The Room of *perfect Doing*, in the *Old*.
 God gives not Faith to be the Fed'ral Price
 Of other Blessings, or of Paradice ;
 But giving this, he ope's as't were a Door,
 At which he giveth in still more and more.
 Men are not on their Faith to lay their Stress,
 True Faith was ne'er a perfect Righteousness ;
 God ne'er design'd it to have such a Place,
 It is at best but an imperfect Grace.
 Its Fame (as said already) flies abroad,
 Because it grips the Righteousness of God ;
 Which Righteousness receiv'd, is (without Strife)
 The true Condition of eternal Life.
 But still, say you, Pow'r to believe I miss ;
 Well said ; but knows thou what Believing is ?
 Faith doth not stand in building up a Tower
 Of some great Action, by thy proper Power ;
 For Heaven well knows thou hast *no Pow'r* at all,
 Nor *Will* to any Good, since *Adam's Fall* :
 But Faith's the pow'rless, helpless Creature's Flight
 To him that saveth by his glorious Might ;
 It's *an employing Jesus* to do all
 That can within Salvation's Compass fall,
 Faith doth employ him to do ev'ry Thing
 Belonging to a Prophet, Priest and King :
 To teach, to pardon, sanctify and save,
 And nothing to the Creatures Share to leave.
 Faith maketh us content ; content that he
 Our Head and Husband, and our All should be ;
 Our Righteousness to justify our Soul,
 Our Strength to sanctify and make us whole ;
 That he be Grace and Glory, Food and Clothing,
 Yea more, that he be All, and we be Nothing.
 Wisdom's sweet, gracious Project Faith doth view,
 And closeth with it, both as good and true :
 The Mind's Assent unto *the Truth* is brought ;
 The Will's Consent unto *the Good* is wrought.

The

The Holy Spirit, Faith's efficient Chief,
 Must work this Faith, and dash thy Unbelief.
 That very God who calls thee to believe,
 The very Faith he calleth for, must give:
 Why calls he then? (say you) Pray, Man, be wise;
 Why did he call dead *Lazarus* to rise?
 Because the Call did in its Bosom bear
 Almighty Pow'r to make the dead to hear.
 But what if he such Pow'r shall not display?
 Why, still thou art obliged to obey:
 But God is not oblig'd at all to stretch
 His Arm of saving Pow'r to such a Wretch.
 All these, on whom Salvation doth take Place,
 Are sav'd by a Prerogative of Grace:
 But Vessels all that shall with Wrath be cramm'd,
 Are by an Act of holy Justice damn'd.

§ 4.

Go then, and at Jehovah's Footstool bow,
 Thou knowst not what a sov'reign God may do.
 Own, that if he commiserate thy Case,
 'Twill be an Act of pow'rful sov'reign Grace.
 Set solemnly some special Time apart,
 Then pour into his Bosom all thy Heart,
 And in this Strain thy Soul to God impart;
 O glorious, gracious, pow'rful, sov'reign Lord,
 Thy Help unto a sinful Wretch afford,
 Who from my wretched Birth, even to this Hour,
 Have still been destitute of Will and Pow'r
 To close with glorious Christ, yea fill'd with Spite
 'Gainst him who is God's Darling, Heav'n's Delight.
 O come and take my Enmity away;
 O send the Day of Pow'r, the Marriage-Day.
 Thou spak'st to Being ev'ry Thing we see,
 And hadst no more to say, but, *Let it be.*
 From nothing then to Being all did pass;
Let there be Light, thou saidst, and then it was.
 A pow'rful Word like this, a mighty Call
 Must say, *Let there be Faith*, and then it shall.

Thou seek'st my Faith and Flight from Sin and Guilt;
 Give what thou seek'st, and then seek what thou wilt.
 Thou knows, no Good can spring from what is Evil,
 His Heart of mine is wicked like the Devil.
 With special saving Pow'r let me be blest,
 My Heart all common Motions doth resist.
 Thou calls, but with the Call thy Pow'r convey;
 Command me to believe, and I'll obey.
 Command, O Lord, effectually command,
 And grant I be not able to withstand,
 When shall I stretch the pow'rless wither'd Hand.
 No thy Favour can pretend no Claim,
 At what is borrow'd from thy glorious Name;
 Which tho' it glorify'd for ay can be,
 Damning such a sinful Wretch as me,
 Faggot, fitted for eternal Flames,
 Which thy incensed Justice still proclaims:
 O Lord, since now I hear thy glorious Son,
 Favours towards these that were undone,
 Did in thy Name, by thy Authority,
 Thy awful Justice fully satisfy,
 And brought more Praise and Glory thereunto
 Than Hell and all its Torments e'er can do;
 And since Salvation through his Blood can raise
 Revenue to Justice highest Praise,
 Higher than Rent which Hell for ever pays:
 Let Justice then, according to thy Will,
 Be glorify'd with Glory great and full;
 Not glorify'd in Hell, to which I'm nighest,
 But glorify'd in Heav'n, where Glory's highest.
 Let thy Name be glorify'd on me,
 Let Glory to it in the Highest be.
 For Mercy's Sake I crave Salvation now,
 And for the Glory of thy Justice too.
 A lowest Hell much lower Praise is win,
 Than that thou hast in thy beloved Son;
 O him then save thou me from Sin and Shame,
 And to the Highest glorify thy Name.
 Since ev'ry Letter of thy Name Divine,
 In Christ thy Image, doth most brightly shine:
 O let this glorious Husband then be mine.

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That

That thus thy Name may be exalted wholly,
 While I, in him, both happy am, and holy.
 O hear, Jehovah, get the Glory then,
 And to my Supplication say, Amen.

§ 5.

If in this Manner thou to him couldst flee,
 There would be Hope in *Israel* for thee :
 Don't slight this Call, and say its but a Rhime,
 Else thou may'st rue for ay, if not in Time.
 No Man can lawfully condemn and shun
 All good Advice that doth in Meeter run :
 Th' orig'nal Fountains of the sacred Writ
 Much heav'nly Truth in holy Rhimes transmit :
 If this don't make a Verse Discourse the sweeter,
 Yet hence it is no Crime to preach in Meeter.
 Some won't it understand, nor others please ;
 No Help for that, till Heav'n shall ope' their Eyes.
 These Lines are writ, altho' with little Skill ;
 Yet with some weak Desire, and faint good Will,
 To mortify all legal, nat'ral Pride,
 And court the Lamb of God a Virgin-Bride,
 If he in Match to thee be never given,
 Thou'lt dwell in Hell, as sure as God's in Heaven.
 If Gospel-Grace and Goodness don't thee draw,
 Thou art condemn'd already, by the Law ;
 Yea hence, Damnation heightned must take Place,
 If still thy Heart shall slight redeeming Grace,
 Nothing from Hell beneath, or Heav'n above,
 Will draw thy Heart, if not the Cord of Love.
 But sink thou must e'er long, in endless Woes ;
 Thy Life doth, like these Lines, draw to a Close.
 Thy false old Cov'nant Hopes will then be lost,
 And with thy wretched Soul give up the Ghost.
 Then farewell God and Christ, and Grace and Glory
 Thou art undone, undone for ever more ;
 For ever sinking underneath the Load
 Of an eternal, Sin-avenging God.

ART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

45

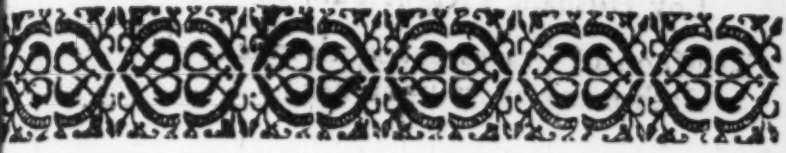
eav'n still upholding Life, in dreadful Death,
 ill throwing down hot Thunder-Bolts of Wrath :
 full of Terror, and as manifold,
 finite Vessels of his Wrath can hold.
 hen, then the Wretch, we may suppose, will cry,
 b, if this damning God would let me dy,
 and not torment me to Eternity. }
 urst be the Day that ever I had Life,
 urst be my Father, Mother, Man and Wife,
 ears of my Being, Instruments of Wo,
 or now I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, and always so.
 urst be the Day that e'er I heard the Sound
 of Christ, whose slighted Calls do now confound.
 boiling Waves of Vengeance must I ly ?
 could I curse this dreadful God, and dy !
 finite Years in Torment shall I spend,
 and never, never, never at an End.
 Eyes this Word of Terror only doth belong
 To all the woful, Christ-despising Thron.
 Messenger of Wrath to none I am,
 but those that won't espouse *the Worthby Lamb*.
 or tho' the least of Sins that e'er could be
 Will plunge the Christless Soul in Miserie :
 et, lo, the greatest e'er to Men could cleave
 than't damn the Soul, that will in Christ believe ;
 Because he on the very Way doth fall
 Which well can make amends to God for all :
 Whereas by Unbelief proud Souls won't let
 The Glorious God a Satisfaction get
 For all the Sins and Evils they have done,
 As he might have in his eternal Son.
 That sacrilegious Monster, *Unbelief*,
 Robs God of all his Glory, like a Thief ;
 This black-mouth'd, horrible, blasphemous Evil
 Makes God most True a Liar, like the Devil ;
 Doubts and Denies, even all his Words of Grace,
 Spits Venome in this Glorious Husband's Face.

Yea,

Yea, doth all Wickedness and Mischief hatch,
Because it doth oppose the glorious Match.
As all Law-wedded Souls are join'd to Sin,
And destitute of Holiness within;
So all that wed the Law, must wed the Curse,
Which Rent they scorn to pay with Christ's full Pa

But to the Bride the Author now designs
A Word of Comfort, in the following Lines.





Gospel-Sonnets :

PART II.

The Believers Jointure, &c.

O R,

A POEM upon

Isaiah liv. 5. *Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

CHAP. I.

Containing the Privileges of a Believer in Christ.

§ I.

ARt thou the glorious Husband's Bride?
 Whole Will he sweetly bows
 To close the Match? He'll still abide
 Thy Husband, thou his Spouse.

Thou'rt, like the rest of *Adam's Race*,
 By Nature, black as Hell:
 But now art beautify'd by Grace,
 Thy Husband decks thee well.

Fair as the Moon, thou dost appear,
 While Graces are in Dress:

Clear

Clear as the Sun, while thou dost wear
Thy Husband's Righteousness.

The Moon of Graces, changeth much,
Hath many Spots upon her;
Thy Sun-like Glory is not such,
Thy Husband is thy Honour.

Cloth'd with the Sun, thy Garb is rare,
Of spotless Robes the rarest:
For of Ten thousand Beauties fair,
Thy Husband is the fairest.

Thou art by Sin deformed quite,
Defil'd in ev'ry Duty;
But lo, his Merit makes thee white,
Thy Husband is thy Beauty.

Thy Prayers, Tears, and all thy Good
Most vile and lothsom be,
Till sprinkled with the precious Blood
Thy Husband shed for thee.

Tho' thy Defects and Wants be great,
In him thou art complete:
Thy starving Soul may hopeful wait,
Thy Husband giveth Meat.

Thy Money, Merit, Pow'r and Pelf
Was squander'd by the Fall:
But hast thou nothing in thy self,
Thy Husband is thy All.

Law-Precepts, Threatnings, both are set
To crave of thee their Due:
But Justice for thy double Debt
Thy Husband did pursue.

Tho' Justice doth as much belong
As Mercy to a God;
Justice here shall get no Wrong,
Thy Husband's Back is broad

He bare the Weight of Wrath alone;

That Mercy might have vent
Heaven's dreadful Arrows all upon

Thy Husband's Heart were spent.

No partial Pay could Justice still,

No Farthing was diminish'd;
Vengeance exacted all until

Thy Husband cry'd, ITS FINISH'D.

No Process more for Justice Rent

Can now be rais'd, (at large).

Thou may'st whene'er thou wilt, present

Thy Husband's full Discharge.

Thy Sins and horrid Guilt beget

Great Fears of Divine Ire;
Yet fear thou not, tho' drown'd in Debt,

Thy Husband is the Payer.

God might in Rigor thee indite

Of Crimes of highest Treason:

But lo, in thee he takes Delight,

Thy Husband is the Reason.

§ 2.

Thou with the rest of humane Race,

Didst ly in Blood and Gore;

And Millions in that dismal Case

Thy Husband pass'd o'er.

May then, Why did he others pass,

And chuse the like of me?

There was no Reason, but because

Thy Husband loved thee.

Who, that he might procure thy Peace;

And save from Sin's Arrest,

Did give himself a Sacrifice,

Thy Husband is thy Priest.

Black Ignorance, and Error blind

Sends many quick to Tophet;

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But

But lo, he teacheth thee his Mind,
Thy Husband is thy Prophet.

Thy Will to his he doth subject,
And sweetly Captive bring :
Thy Sins subdue, his Throne erect,
Thy Husband is thy King.

He'll conquer all thy grievous Foes,
Which now thy Peace do mar ;
Tho' many Battles thou may'st lose,
Thy Husband gains the War.

He'll all thine Enemies defeat,
Until thou fight no longer ;
Satan the strong Man is, but yet
Thy Husband is the stronger.

Tho' secret Sins thy Soul molest,
Which heavy Groans do yield,
Tho' Devils rage, yet do their best,
Thy Husband gains the Field.

In dark Desertion do'st thou find
Thy Steps are like to slide,
Lean to his Skill, his Counsel mind,
Thy Husband is thy Guide.

In Doubts, renounce thy Self-conceit,
And still his Counsel prize,
He never counsel'd wrong as yet,
Thy Husband is most wise.

Resign (poor weak and weary Wight)
Thy self to him that's strong ;
For tho' he seems far out of Sight,
Thy Husband's Arm is long.

Art thou diseased at the Heart,
Or in a sad Condition,
Its he alone can ease thy Smart,
Thy Husband's thy Physician.

Look not to Creatures great nor small,
 They cannot ease thy Grief :
 Use Means, but look beyond them all,
 Thy Husband gives Relief.

Perhaps thou needs a bitter Drug,
 Yet fret not with thy Will ;
 For thus thou may'st thy Cure prorogue,
 Thy Husband wants not Skill.

He sees the Sore, and knows the Cure
 That shall most proper be ;
 Its fittest therefore, to he sure,
 Thy Husband chuse for thee.

There's Friendship in his Chastisements,
 And Favour in his Frowns ;
 Conclude not then, by sad Complaints,
 Thy Husband thee disowns.

The deeper that his Lance doth go
 In paining of thy Wound,
 The more thy Healing shall unto
 Thy Husband's Praise redound.

§ 3.

He empties whom he minds to fill,
 Casts down whom he doth raise ;
 He quickens whom he seems to kill,
 Thy Husband thus gets Praise.

When awful Rods are in his Hand,
 There's Mercy in his Mind :
 When Clouds upon his Brow do stand,
 Thy Husband's Heart is kind.

His Love through ev'ry State makes Way,
 Through Ups and Downs doth move,
 And thou at last shalt see and say,
 Thy Husband's full of Love.

His Love through Trials hath been trace't,
 For still his Bowels melt,

Thou'lt find that even in Depths thou hast
Thy Husband's Favour felt.

For when he either wounds or heals,
It's Kindness doth him move :
There's wrapt in Frowns, as well as Smiles,
Thy Husband's ancient Love.

No Cure e'er in his Hand did fail,
Tho' of a hopeless State :
In desp'rate Cases he can heal,
Thy Husband's Art is great.

The Medicine he did prepare
Can't fail to do thee Good :
O Balsom pow'rful, precious, rare !
Thy Husband's sacred Blood.

Free Love did draw it from his Breast,
When thou deserv'd'st his Ire ;
He cureth best, yet seeketh least,
Thy Husband takes no Hire.

Thou hast no Worth, no Might, no Good
His Favour to procure :
But see his Store, his Pow'r, his Blood,
Thy Husband is not poor.

'Twas for thy Sake he once did bow
To the most low Degree,
That thou might'st be enriched through
Thy Husband's Povertie.

And now he's thine exalted Head,
In whom all Fulness dwells ;
What Wealth soever Earth could breed,
Thy Husband's Stock excels.

His Treasure is more excellent
Than Hills of *Opbir* Gold :
Tho' Ages were in telling spent,
Thy Husband's can't be told.

All Things, compared with the same,
Are nought but Dung and Dross :
For boundless Good even in his Name
Thy Husband doth ingross.

His Name IMMANUEL, God-Man,
Incudeth vastly more
Than Men or Angels e'er could scan,
Thy Husband wants not Store.

He's full of Grace and Truth indeed,
Of Spirit, Pow'r and Merit :
All Riches that poor Sinners need
Thy Husband doth inherit.

He dwells in Heav'n, but came from thence
To seek and save the Lost :
Whatever be the vast Expence,
Thy Husband's at the Cost.

He did expend each Drop of Blood
That fill'd his Royal Veins ;
When he as Surety for thee stood,
Thy Husband spar'd no Pains.

His Cost immense was in thy Place,
Thy Freedom cost his Thral ;
Thy Glory cost him deep Disgrace,
Thy Husband paid for all.

§ 4.

When Heav'n proclaimed War and Wrath,
And Sin increast the Strife :
His Obedience unto Death
Thy Husband bought thy Life.

But Justice could not be appeas'd
But on these worthy Terms,
And all whose Hearts are therewith pleas'd
Thy Husband hugs in's Arms.

When Law condemns, and Justice too
To Prison would he hale,

As Sureties kind for Dyvours do,
Thy Husband giveth Bail.

God on these Terms is reconcil'd,
Thou hast his Favour won:
In Jesus Christ thou art his Child,
Thy Husband is his Son.

Judicial Wrath is all appeas'd,
Thou needs not then be mov'd:
Because in Christ he is well pleas'd,
Thy Husband's his Belov'd.

Who can lay ought unto thy Charge,
When God doth not condemn?
Bills of Complaint tho' Foes enlarge,
Thy Husband answers them.

When Fear thy guilty Mind confounds,
Great Comfort this may yield,
Thy Ransom-Bill with Blood and Wounds
Thy Husband kind hath seal'd.

His Promise is the fair Extract
Thou hast at Hand to shew;
Stern Justice can no more exact,
Thy Husband gave its due.

This doth thee more to God commend,
And more Wrath's Clouds dispel,
Than e'er thy Sins did him offend,
Thy Husband vanquish'd Hell.

When God seems for his broken Laws
Against thee to proceed,
Let Christ be Umpire of thy Cause,
Thy Husband well can plead.

He pleads his Righteousness, which brought
All Rents the Law could crave;
Whate'er its Precepts, Threatnings sought,
Thy Husband wholly gave.

Did Holiness in Precepts stand,
And for Perfection call?
Justice in Threat'nings Death demand?
Thy Husband gave it all.

His Blood the fiery Law did quench,
Its Summons need not fear,
Tho't cite thee to Heav'ns awful Bench;
Thy Husband's at the Bar.

This Advocate hath much to say,
His Clients need not fear:
For God the Father hears him ay,
Thy Husband hath his Ear.

No Cause e'er failed in his Hands,
So strong his Pleading is:
The Father wills what he demands,
Thy Husband's Will is his.

Hell-Forces all may rendezvous,
Accusers may combine:
Yet fear not thou, who art his Spouse,
Thy Husband's Cause is thine.

By solemn Oath J E H O V A H did
His Priesthood ratify:
Yet Earth and Hell then counterplead,
Thy Husband gains the Plea.

§ 5.

The cunning Serpent may accuse,
But never shall succeed:
The God of Peace will Satan bruise,
Thy Husband brake his Head.

Hell-Furies threaten to devour,
Like Bears rob'd of their Whelps;
But lo, in ev'ry per'lous Hour
Thy Husband always helps.

That

That feeble Faith may never fail,
Thine Advocate hath pray'd ;
Tho' winn'wing Tempests may assail,
Thy Husband is thine Aid.

Tho' blackest Trials should take Place,
And put thee to a Stand.

Thou may'st rejoyce in ev'ry Case,
Thy Husband's Help at Hand.

When thou hast in Desertion dark,
No not a Star by Night :

Tho' in thy self thou hast no Spark,
Thy Husband is thy Light.

He, when he will, the Clouds doth rent,
Which do the Soul o'er-run :

For of the brightest Firmament
Thy Husband is the Sun.

Without the Sun who mourning go,
And scarce the Way can find,

He brings through Paths they did not know :
Thy Husband leads the blind.

Through Fire and Water he with Skill
Leads to a wealthy Land :

In darkest Depths then wait until
Thy Husband take thy Hand.

When Sin such sad Disorders brings,
As to thy Soul down weight,

Then mind how many crooked Things
Thy Husband hath made straight.

Still look to him with longing Eyes,
Altho' thine Eyes should fail :

Cry, and at length, if not thy Cries,
Thy Husband shall prevail.

Still hope for Favour at his Hand,
Tho' Favour don't appear:

When Help seems most aloof to stand,
Thy Husband is most near.

When Cases hopeles-like, thy Hopes
May fail, when Fear annoys;
But thou, when stript of earthly Props,
Thy Husband most enjoys.

When Providence the Promise thwart,
And yet thy humbled Mind,
Gainst Hope, believes in Hope, thou art
Thy Husband's dearest Friend.

Art thou a Weakling poor and faint,
In Jeopardy each Hour?
Thy Weakness needs not move thy Plaint,
Thy Husband hath all Pow'r.

Dread not that Foes, which foil'd thee long,
Will ruin thee at length;
When thou art weak, then art thou strong,
Thy Husband is thy Strength.

When Foes are mighty, many too,
Thou needs not therefore yield;
It's not with thee they have to do,
Thy Husband is thy Shield.

It's hard to fight against a Host,
Or strive against the Stream:
But yet, when all seems to be lost,
Thy Husband doth redeem.

§ 4.

Art thou by Lusts a Captive led,
Which breeds the greatest Grief:
To save from Sin is just his Trade,
Thy Husband's thy Relief.

His Name is called JESUS, why?
Because he saves from Sin:

Redemption Right he won't deny,
Thy Husband's near of Kin.

His Wounds have saved thee from Woes,
His Blood from Vengeance screen'd :
When Heav'n, and Hell, and all were Foes,
Thy Husband was a Friend,

And will thy Captain now look on,
And see thee trampled down ?
Nay, lo thy Champion hath the Throne,
Thy Husband wears the Crown.

Then yield thou not, tho' Satan bribe,
Or like a Lion roar ;
The Lion strong of *Judah's* Tribe
Thy Husband's to the fore.

And that he never will forsake,
He did his Credit pawnd :
In hottest Broils then Courage take,
Thy Husband's at thy Hand.

No Storm needs put thee to a Strait,
who dost his Aid invoke :
Fierce Winds may blow, proud Waves may beat,
Thy Husband is thy Rock.

Renounce thy own Abilitie,
Lean to his promis'd Might :
The Strength of *Isra'l* cannot lie,
Thy Husband's Power is Plight.

An awful Word doth here present,
Whoever think in odd :
In him thou art Omnipotent,
Thy Husband is a God.

Jehovah's Strength is in thy Head,
Which Faith may boldly scan,
God in thy Nature doth reside,
Thy Husband is a Man.

Thy Flesh is his, his Spirit thine,
 Thus thou with him art One.
 The Body, Spirit, Temple, Vine,
 Thy Husband this doth own.
 The Flesh and Blood assum'd, that you
 Might close embrace each other :
 He's not ashamed to avow
 Thy Husband is thy Brother.
 He bore the Cross, thy Crown to win ;
 His Blood he freely spilt :
 He that was holy, was made Sin,
 Thy Husband bore the Guilt.
 O what a blest Exchange is this !
 What Wisdom shines therein !
 That thou might'st be made Righteousness,
 Thy Husband was made Sin.
 The God of Joy, a Man of Grief,
 Thy Sorrows to discuss ;
 Pure Innocence hang'd like a Thief,
 Thy Husband lov'd thee thus.
 Bright Beauty had his Visage marr'd,
 His comely Form abus'd ;
 True Rest was from all Rest debar'd,
 Thy Husband's Heel was bruise'd.
 The God of Blessings was a Curse,
 The Lord of Lords a Drudge,
 The Heir of all Things poor in Purse,
 Thy Husband did not grudge.
 The Judge of all condemned was,
 The God of Life ev'n dy'd :
 All Favour, in thy woful Cause,
 Thy Husband was deny'd.

§ 7.

O let thy Praises never cease
 To him, that e'er he came
 To give himself a Sacrifice ;
 Thy Husband is the Lamb.

What wak'ned Vengeance could denounce,
 All round him did beset,
 And never left his Soul, till once
 Thy Husband paid the Debt.

Tho' still new Debt thou dost contract,
 And run in deep Arrears ;
 Yet all thy Burden on his Back
 Thy Husband always bears.

Thy Judge will never seek of thee
 Two Payments for one Debt ;
 Thy Ransom's paid, and wholly free
 Thy Husband hath thee set.

That thou might with no Vengeance meet,
 Thy Husband met with all ;
 And, that thy Soul might drink the Sweet,
 Thy Husband drank the Gall.

Thy Sins he nailed to the Tree,
 His Wounds this Vertue hath :
 For that thy Soul to Sin might die,
 Thy Husband suffer'd Death.

Full Breasts of Joy he doth extend,
 Like to a kindly Nurse :
 And that the Blessing might be gain'd,
 Thy Husband was a Curse.

That he might purchase all thy Good,
 All Evil him beset :
 To win thy Heav'n, with Streams of Blood
 Thy Husband quenched Hell.

at God and Man might join in Band,
This blessed DAYS-MAN doth
pon both Parties lay his Hand,
Thy Husband pleaseth both.

at Ransom which doth Justice please,
And Law-Demands fulfil,
oth also guilty Conscience ease,
Thy Husband hath such Skill.

twixt thee and Wrath thy Friend slept in,
As at thy Ruin sorry :
s Grapling did thy Grandeur win,
Thy Husband is thy Glory.

omplete Redemption is obtain'd
By his Humiliation :
is Bondage hath thy Freedom gain'd,
Thy Husband's thy Salvation.

is Cross makes thee a crowned King,
His Warfare ends thy Strife ;
is Poverty thy Wealth doth bring,
Thy Husband's Death thy Life.

hen Deadness doth affect thee sore,
And Dulness seize thy Heart,
ejoyce in this, that Life in Store
Thy Husband hath t' impart.

nd when, by Life convey'd, thou seems
Establish'd as a Rock ;
oast in the Fountain, not the Streams :
Thy Husband is thy Stock.

he Streams may take a various Turn,
The Fountain ne'er removes ;
et failing Streams ne'er make thee mourn,
Thy Husband thus thee proves :

hat thou may'st, when the Drops are gone,
Joy in the spacious Sea :

When

When Streams do fail, then still upon
Thy Husband keep thine Eye.

But can't thou look, nor Aid implore,
Oh, that's a dismal Hour ;

Yet, as thou can'st cry, waiting for
Thy Husband's Day of Pow'r.

Tell him thy Sins prolong the Term,
But yet Love can't delay :

Thy Want, his Promise, all affirm
Thy Husband must not stay.

§ 8.

He ever lives, thy Life to be
Who mad'st him thy Refuge;
And when he comes, thou'lt joy to see
Thy Husband shall be judge.

Why should short Troubles thee annoy,
Without, within, whatever :
Life then, for ay, thou shalt enjoy,
Thy Husband faileth never.

Dear Soul, what will he not impart,
That's for thy real Good ?
He gave his Love, he gave his Heart,
Thy Husband gave his Blood.

He gives himself, and what should more ?
What can he then refuse ?
If thou'rt not pleased with such Store,
Thy Husband dost abuse.

Earth's Fruit, Heav'ns Dew, he won't deny,
Thy Wealth can ne'er be told,
Nought under or above the Sky
Thy Husband will withhold.

Lose what thou wilt, since all is thine,
Thou canst not be a Loser ;

For all things for thy Good combine,
Thy Husband's the Disposer.

All this stay not thy Complaint,
Thou doth complain of Ease,
For having him, what canst thou want?
Thy Husband may suffice.

Thou'rt not put off with barren Leaves,
Or Dung of earthly Pelf;
More Wealth than Heav'n and Earth he gives,
Thy Husband gives himself.

From this thy Treasure thou mayst take
Wealth to the highest Pitch:
The Gold of *Ophir* cannot make,
Thy Husband makes the rich.

Some flying Gains do seek by Pains,
And others by Extortion:
Such Treasure fades, but thine remains,
Thy Husband is thy Portion.

Yea, thou his glorious Robes dost wear,
O wonderful Preferment!
Thy rich Attire Heav'ns may admire,
Thy Husband is thy Garment.

From Winter's Cold, from Summer's Sun
This Robe doth hide thee over;
From Cool of Night, from Heat of Noon,
Thy Husband doth thee cover.

This Garment never waxeth old,
It's new since *Adam's* Fall,
And always did his Saints infold;
Thy Husband clad them all.

He did this Mantle, which they wore,
Out of his Bowels spin:
That all the Praise for evermore
Thy Husband dear might win.

This Linen makes thee white to be,
 Tho' stain'd with sinful Dirt;
 O blefs his Name, that e'er on thee
 Thy Husband spread his Skirt.

Thy daily Food may make thee have
 The Countenance of *Hanna*;
 Thou on the Bread of Life doth live,
 Thy Husband is the Manna.

What can he give, or thou desire,
 More than his Flesh and Blood?
 Let Angels wonder, Saints admire,
 Thy Husband is thy Food.

That thou may'st be, through Strength of that,
 For Work and Warfare able,
 And Trials great, till thou be at
 Thy Husband's upper Table.

Where little Drops, which now take Place,
 Are Oceans always new:
 To drink thy fill, and Face to Face
 Thy Husband ever view.



C H A P. II.

*Containing the Marks of a Believer in Christ; together
 with some further Privileges and Comforts pertaining
 to the Saints.*

§ I.

Good News But says the drooping Bride,
 Ah, what's all this to me?
 Thou doubt'st thy Right, when Sins do hide
 Thy Husband's Face from thee.

finful Weakness makes thee faint,
And trembling, fear his Wrath :
Thy Harbour not thy groundless Plain,
Thy Husband Mercy hath.

if I knew that he were mine,
This would (say you) give thee Peace ;
Thy Wants abound, and Woes combine,
Thy Husband would thee please.

Thy Heart up and down, and seldom clear,
Made up of ins and outs ;
Thou art perplexed, yet do not fear,
Thy Husband loves not Doubts.

Thy jealous unbelieving Heart
Still droops, and knows not why :
Thou prove thy self, to ease thy Smart.
Thy Husband bids thee try.

The following Marks if thou do'st feel,
They may discover clearly ;
That, be thy Failings what they will,
Thy Husband loves thee dearly.

Art thou content when he's away ?
Can Earth allay thy Pains ?
Conscience speak will it not say,
Thy Husband's all thou wants ?

When he is near (tho' with his Cross)
And thee with Comfort feeds,
Do'st thou not count the Earth as Dross,
Thy Husband all thou needs ?

Thy Duties are thou pleas'd or pain'd,
When he no Comfort speaks :
And having him, think'st all is gain'd,
Thy Husband all thou seeks ?

Tho' thou did'st think, while Sinai Mist,
And Darknes compass thee ;

Thou wast undone, and glorious Christ
Thy Husband ne'er would be.

Yet can thy sweet Experience tell
Of some more lightsome Story,
How after this thou saw'st full well
Thy Husband in his Glory?

Didst thou such Grace, and Love behold,
That then a heav'nly Art,
With Hallelujahs high, extol'd
Thy Husband in thy Heart?

Then could'st thou with all *Adam's* Race
Had join'd with thee to gaze,
That viewing all his comely Face,
Thy Husband might get Praise?

Art thou disjoin'd from other Lords,
Divorced from the Law,
While with most loving Gospel Cords
Thy Husband doth the draw!

Art thou not made to see that all
Thy Righteousness is naught
But filthy Rags, through *Adam's* Fall,
Thy Husband thus hath taught?

Dost see thy best Performances
Deserve but Hell indeed?
And therefore thou renouncing these,
Thy Husband's Blood do'st plead?

When thou art helped to address
That gracious Throne of his,
Dost find thy Strength and Righteousness
Thy Husband only is;

When thou dost to Performance win
With most enlarged Frame,
Is then thy whole Dependence on
Thy Husband's worthy Name?

Dost thou e'er pray with greatest Pith,
 And yet renounce thy Good?
 And wash, not with thy Tears, but with
 Thy Husband's precious Blood?

§ 2.

Can no less give thy Conscience ease,
 Nor please thy Heart, no less
 Than that which Justice satisfies,
 Thy Husband's Righteousness?

Dost see thy Works so stain'd with Sin,
 That thou (through Grace) art mov'd
 To seek Acceptance only in
 Thy Husband, the Belov'd?

Dost thou remind that once a Day,
 Free Grace did strengthen thee
 To gift thy guilty Soul away,
 Thy Husband's Bride to be?

Dost thou not mind a Day of Pow'r,
 Wherein he broke thy Pride,
 And gain'd thy Heart? O happy Hour!
 Thy Husband caught the Bride.

He did thy Enmity subdue,
 Thy Bondage sad recal;
 And made thee chuse, and close pursue
 Thy Husband as thy All.

To sweetest Rest then didst thou win,
 When once thou madst this Choice;
 Thy very Heart was pleas'd, and in
 Thy Husband did rejoice.

Dost say, I ne'er could him embrace,
 Till he embraced me;
 Nor ever see him, till his Face
 Thy Husband shew'd to thee?

And dost thou find unto this Hour
 That this is still the Charm,
 Thou canst do nothing till with Pow'r
 Thy Husband shew his Arm?

Do'st see that thou no Good can do
 By any Strength of thine,
 Until thy froward Heart thereto
 Thy Husband shall incline?

But tho' thy Heart can hardly cling
 To any Good, do'st see
 That yet thou canst do ev'ry thing,
 Thy Husband strength'ning thee?

Do'st not alone at Duties fork,
 But foreign Aid enjoy,
 And still in ev'ry Piece of Work
 Thy Husband's Strength employ.

Thy Motion heav'nly is indeed,
 While thou by Faith dost move,
 And still in ev'ry time of Need
 Thy Husband's Grace improve.

No common, nat'ral Faith can shew
 Its Divine Brood like this,
 Whose Author, and Whose Object too
 Thy Husband only is.

Dost thou by Faith on him depend,
 On him, not on thy Faith?
 If Faith the Saviourship pretend,
 Thy Husband lost it hath.

None e'er were Saviours of themselves
 By Faith or Grace of theirs;
 He that thus Nature's Garden delves,
 Thy Husband's Praile impairs.

His Grace was never given that thou
 Should'st thus his Trade destroy,

But that in all thou hast to do
Thy Husband may'st employ.

Do'st therefore thou to him alone
Commit thy sinful Soul,
Knowing that thy Salvation
Thy Husband is in whole?

§ 3.

Do'st thou his Spirit's Conduct prize?
And when compar'd to this,
All worldly Wisdom doth despise?
Thy Husband doth thee bless.

Wak'st thou his Spirit for thy Guide,
Through *Bacca's* Valley dry?
Whose Streams of Influences glide
Thy Husband's Garden by.

Do'st thou dig Wells there, by his Power,
And find'st it not in vain,
While here a Drop, and there a Shower
Thy Husband down doth rain.

This makes thee through each weary Case,
From Strength to Strength to go,
From Faith to Faith, while Grace for Grace
Thy Husband doth bestow.

He who the good Work did begin,
Will finish'd by his Strength,
Until thy weary Soul shall win
Thy Husband's Crown at length.

Can works in thee, and can'st thou own
It's thy most grievous Smart?
Which makes thee sob and weep alone,
Thy Husband knows thy Heart;

Both Love to him make thee distaste
Thy Lusts with all their Charms,

And

And loath'st them most, when most thou hast
Thy Husband in thine Arms?

Are Cords of Love the sweetest Ties
To bind thee to thy Duty?

And best thou serves, when most thou spiès
Thy Husband in his Beauty?

Did'st never thou thy Pardon read
In Tears of wordless Joy?

When Mercy made thy Heart to bleed
Thy Husband was not coy.

Doth not Pardon melt thy Heart,
And most imbitter Sin?

And makes the long with Dross to part,
Thy Husband's Throne to win?

When he doth thy Corruptions kill,
Or doth thy Sin destroy,
Doth Gladness then thy Spirit fill?
Thy Husband is thy Joy.

Dost thou his Person fair embrace,
More than his Blessings all?

Blest Soul, thou may'st indeed, through Grace
Thy Husband Jesus call.

What Company dost thou prefer,
What Friends above the rest?

Of all the Friends that ever were,
Thy Husband is the best.

Whom is't in Heav'n or Earth that thou
Poor Soul, dost most desire,

Is not thy Spark of Love unto
Thy Husband, set on Fire?

Hast thou a Hatred to his Foes,
And dost their Course decline;

W'st thou his Saints, and dar'st suppose
Thy Husband's Friends art thine?

W'st thou their Talk and Walk Esteem,
When most divinely grave;
And savour'st best, when most they seem
Thy Husband's Sp'rit to have?

§ 5.

Where go'st thou first when in a Strait,
Or when with Grief oppress'd?
See'st thou to him, O happy Gate,
Thy Husband is thy Rest.

Is Counsel in the Dark dost crave,
And can'st not live without him?
Wisdom to guide, and Strength to save
Thy Husband hath about him,

W'st thou produce no pleasant Pawns,
Or Token of his Love?
W'st thou Signets, Bracelets from his Hand
Thy Husband's Kindness prove?

W'st thou did he never send his Word,
And heal thy Soul thereby?
While Light and Life it did afford,
Thy Husband then was nigh.

W'st thou the pleasant Word forget
He dropt into thy Heart?
W'st thou gladning Pow'r, and Love with it
Thy Husband did impart?

W'st thou not love his Dwelling-Place,
And mak'st it thy Repair?
W'st thou cause thine Eyes have seen, through Grace,
Thy Husband's Glory there?

W'st thou his great appearing Day,
And think'st on it with Joy?

When

When Shadows all shall fly away,
Thy Husband Death destroy ?

Dost thou not long to see his Face
Within the higher Story,
Where Joy abounds, whereof the Place
Thy Husband's is the Glory ?

Long'st to be free of ev'ry Fault,
And bid all Sin adieu ?
Dost groan to be where still thou shalt
Thy Husband's Glory view ?

Life, where it lives, Love where it loves
Desireth most to be,
Such Love-sick longing plainly proves
Thy Husband longs for thee.

What is't that best can ease thy Plaint,
And make thy Odds all even ?
Is his Approach thy Heart's Content,
Thy Husband's Presence Heaven ?

And when thou wantest this Relief,
Canst thou assert full well,
His Hiding is thy greatest Grief
Thy Husband's Absence Hell ?

Take thy Experience to Task,
If Conscience can say yea,
To all these Questions which I ask,
Thy Husband's thine for ay.

Do all these Marks belong to thee ?
Then Soul fall to and praise
His glorious, worthy Name ; for he
Thy Husband is always.

§ 5.

But yet perhaps thou dar'st not say
Thou hast the firm Impression
Of all these happy Signs, yet stay,
Thy Husband hath Compassion.

Tho' Darkness doth thy Light obscure,
And Storms defeat thy Calms,
Day yield to Night, and thou be poor,
Thy Husband hath yet Alms.

Do'st see thy self an Empty Brat,
A poor unworthy Thing?
With Heart upon the Dust laid flat,
Thy Husband there doth reign.

Art thou in thine own Eyes a Beast,
And dost thy self abhor?
The more thou dost thy self detest,
Thy Husband loves thee more.

Can Hell breed no such wicked Elf,
As Thou, in thine own Sight?
Thou'st got to see thy filthy Self
Thy Husband's purest Light.

Can't thou find Names so black, to tell
Thy Heart's most foulsome Ware,
But call'st thy self a Lump of Hell?
Thy Husband calls the fair.

When Visits from him make thee see
He's precious, thou art vile,
The Hand of God is then with thee,
Thy Husband then doth smile.

He knows what Visits suit thy State,
And tho' most rare they be,
It sets thee well on him to wait;
Thy Husband waits on thee.

Dost see thou art both poor and weak,
And he both full and strong?

O don't

O don't his kind Delays mistake,
Thy Husband comes e'er long.

Tho' while Mount *Sinai* Storms do stay
Thou dread'st the dismal Blast,
And fear'st thou art a Cast-away,
Thy Husband comes at last.

Poor Soul, dost grieve for want of Grace?
And weep for want of Love?
And Jesus seek'st; O hopeful Case!
Thy Husband lives above.

Dost thou regrave thou comes so short,
And still to this aspires?
There's Hope in *Isra'l* for thy Sort,
Thy Husband thou desires.

Can'st thou, whate'er should come of thee,
Yet wish his *Zion* well,
And joy in her Prosperity?
Thy Husband loves thy Zeal.

Dost thou admire his Love to some,
Tho' thou should'st never share?
Mercy to thee will also come,
Thy Husband hath to spare.

Art thou well pleased that sov'reign Grace
For ever praised be?
Thou art not in a hopeless Case,
Thy Husband's pleas'd with thee.

Could'st Love to be the Footstool low,
On which his Throne might rise,
And be exalted high? If so,
Thy Husband doth thee prize.

Think'st thou a Glance of his fair Face
Would chear thee more than Wine?
It seems thou in his Heart hast Place,
Thy Husband Place in thine.

§ 6.

not his Word and Oath thy Stay ?
His Blood and daily Labour ?
and dost esteem 'bove Light of Day
Thy Hushand's lightsome Favour ?
ost thou what's in the Creatures Womb
Count all but Loss and Dung,
or one sweet Word in Season from
Thy Husband's learned Tongue ?
ost say, O how would I rejoice,
To know that he were mine ?
Thy, then it seems thou art his Choice,
Thy Husband he is thine.
Thy doubt't his Love, and yet behold,
Thou would't not with him part
or thousand, thousand Earths of Gold ?
Thy Husband hath thy Heart.
ho' Darknes, Deadnes, Unbelief
Do all thy Soul attend,
ore Light, Life, Faith and all Relief
Thy Husband hath to send.
et not thy Wants annoy thee, then
May Faith take Comfort hence,
That Gifts he did receive for Men
Thy Husband will dispense.
e got them in exalted State,
For Rebels, such as thou ;
hen all that's needful, good or great
Thy Husband will allow.
Thy Wants he sees, thy Cries he hears,
He notices thy Moans ;
nd in his Bottle keeps thy Tears,
Thy Husband knows thy Groans.

All thy Infirmities him touch,
 He feeling hath of them ;
 He can do all, and will do much :
 Thy Husband knows thy Frame.

In greatest Straits his Help will come,
 This is his common Way ;
 Yea, mind what Help thou had'st, even from
 Thy Husband once a Day.

Mind where he sweetly visit thee,
 Sometimes at *Hermion* Mount,
 At *Jordan* Land, at *Mizar* high ;
 Thy Husband keeps the Count.

Mind'st thou *Jehovah-Fireh*, where,
 Tho' Help on ev'ry Side
 Did fail thee, in thy Strait, yet there
 Thy Husband did provide ?

Do'st thou *Jehovah Shammah* mind ?
 That Place of sweet Repair,
 Where thy long absent Lord didst find ?
 Thy Husband he was there.

Dost thou *Jehovah Nissi* know,
 Where tho' in dreadful Manner
 Thy Foes assaulted thee, yet lo
 Thy Husband was thy Banner ?

When Plagues of Heart did breed thy Shame,
 And Creature helps to fail,
Jehovah Rephi was his Name,
 Thy Husband did thee heal.

§ 7.

Dost mind on such a Spot of Land
 How thou with him didst meet,
 And how he got thy Heart and Hand ?
 Thy Husband then was sweet.

Do'st mind the Garden, Chamber, Bank,
A Vail of Vision was ?

Thy Joy was full, thy Heart was frank,
Thy Husband by did pass.

Mind'st such a Corner, such a Place
A *Bathel* was to thee,

A *Peniel* where Face to Face
Thy Husband thou didst see ?

There did he clear thy ravel'd Cause,
Thy Doubts and Fears destroy,
He seal'd, and thou could'st seal'd he was
Thy Husband with great Joy.

Could'st thou not said it boldly then,
And seal'd it with thy Blood ?
Yea, welcome Death with Pleasure when
Thy Husband by thee stood ?

That Earth again should thee insnare,
O how thy Heart was pain'd ;
For all its fading Glory there,
Thy Husband's Beauty stain'd.

The Thoughts of living more in Sin
Was then like Hell to thee,
The Life of Heav'n did thus begin,
Thy Husband set thee free.

What e'er thou found'st him at thy best,
He's at thy worst the same ;
In his Love will always rest :
Thy Husband's Praise proclaim.

Let Faith these Visits keep in Store,
When Sense the Blinks doth miss :
The God of *Bethel*, as before,
Thy Husband always is.

Timing his Approaches nigh,
He's infinitely wise :

Hence

Hence frequently thy Heart thereby
Thy Husband doth surprize.

Perhaps a sudden Blink thee blest,
While walking through the Street,
Or, on a Journey, e'er thou wist,
Thy Husband did thee meet.

In Hearing, Reading, Singing, Pray'r,
When thou no Light could'st see,
Thou found'st, or e'er thou wast aware,
Thy Husband glance on thee.

Don't of Heav'n's Gales too meanly think;
For tho' thy Soul complains,
They're but a short and passing Blink;
Thy Husband's Love remains.

Think not, because he doth not stay,
Thou dost his Favour lose;
O learn to know his sov'reign Way,
Thy Husband comes and goes.

Don't say he'll ne'er come back, altho'
His Visites he adjourn,
For yet a little While, and lo
Thy Husband will return.

Altho' in Duties thou may'st miss,
Thy Soul's beloved One,
Yet do not faint for never is
Thy Husband wholly gone.

Tho' Satan, Sin, Earth, Hell at once
Would of thy Joy thee reave,
Mind, what he said he won't renounce,
Thy Husband will not leave.

Tho' Foes assail, and Friends do fail,
Thou hast a good Relation;
The Gates of Hell shall ne'er prevail,
Thy Husband's thy Foundation.

§ 8.

Take well howe'er his Wisdom may

Thy present Lot dispose,

Tho' Heav'n and Earth should pass away,

Thy Husband cannot lose.

All needful Help he will afford,

Thou hast his Vow and Oath:

And dar'st thou think, he'll break his Word?

Thy Husband will be loth.

Fire can't thee burn, nor Water drown,

His Promise this insures:

He'll never let his Word fall down,

Thy Husband's Truth endures.

W'st thou no more his Word believe,

Than mortal Mans, forsooth?

do not thus his Spirit grieve,

Thy Husband is the Truth.

W'st thou both wicked art and weak,

His Word he'll never rue;

W'st Earth should tremble, Heav'n should quake,

Thy Husband will be true.

Never leave thee, is his Vow,

If Truth hath said the Word;

While Truth is Truth, this Word is true,

Thy Husband is the Lord.

Thy Word a thousand Times may break,

So fear'st he love not thee;

A thousand thousand Sins can't make

Thy Husband once to lie.

Visite will thy Sins with Strôkes,

and lay on thee his Hand;

yet his Word he ne'er revokes,

Thy Husband's Truth will stand.

Then

Then think not that he's chang'd in Love;
 When thou art chang'd in Frame;
 Tho' thousand Changes should thee move,
 Thy Husband's ay the same.

He for thy Faults may smite thee sore,
 To let thee see thy Folly.
 By Falls he makes thee seek him more
 Thy Husband's wife and holy.

Proud *Peter* in the Dirt of Vice
 Did fall exceeding low,
 His tow'ring Pride, by tumbling thrice,
 Thy Husband cured so.

Before he suffer Pride, that swells,
 He'll drag thee through the Mire,
 Of Sins, Temptations, little Hells,
 Thy Husband saves by Fire.

He, in Affliction's Mortar, may
 Squise out old *Adam's* Juice,
 Till thou return to him and say,
 Thy Husband is thy Choice.

Yet don't conclude, he thee disowns,
 When Trouble thee surrounds;
 These are his favourable Frowns,
 Thy Husband's healing Wounds.]

Nay, when he gives the deepest Lash,
 Love leads the wounding Hand:
 His Stroke, when Sin hath got a Dash,
 Thy Husband will remand.

§ 9.

His Love on Oath he doth declare,
 Hence thou shouldst Comfort gather,
 He thee Adopt, he made thee Heir,
 Thy Husband is thy Father.

him thou hast all Friends in store,
Thy Friend will help in Thral,
Brother much, the Father more,
Thy Husband most of all.

these and vastly more is he,
Who doth all Friends excell;
Long all the Husband's ere could be
Thy Husband bears the Bell.

Hence run the Streams of all thy Good,
But from his pierced Side?
Th liquid Gold of precious Blood
Thy Husband bought his Bride.

He bought thee with the dearest Price,
O Praise him to thy Power,
Of the upper *Paradice*
Thy Husband is the Flower.

He is of Heav'n the comely Rose,
His Beauty makes it fair;
Heav'n were but Hell, couldst thou suppose
Thy Husband were not there.

Whither did in State ascend,
His Spouse along to bring,
That *Hallelujahs* without End
Thy Husband's Bride might Sing.

There with him thou shalt be fixt,
His Glory still to see.
Nothing but Death is now betwixt
Thy Husband's Throne and thee.

Will order Death, that Porter rude,
To op' the Gates of Brass:
Or lo with Characters of Blood
Thy Husband wrote thy Pass.

Shall fear thou not tho' *Jordon* deep
Appear both thick and broad

Thy Sun will lead, thy Shield will keep ;
Thy Husband is thy God.

He'll lead thee Safe and bring thee Home,
And ay give prest down Measure :
Even Grace while here, till Glory come.
Thy Husband is thy Treasure.

His Store, which answers ev'ry Bill,
Thy Food and Raiment bought.
Be at his Will, thou'lt have thy fill ;
Thy Husband wants for nought.

What can thou, dare thou say thou lacks,
His Store, his Power is thine,
His liberal Heart to liberal Acts
Thy Husband doth incline.

What tho' on thee, that hast no Might,
He should thy Task enlarge,
Thy Work and Warfare needs not Fright ;
Thy Husband bears the Charge.

Thou woulds indeed thy self undoe
When thou dost fall or stray ;
But he uplifts and leads thee too :
Thy Husband is the Way.

§ 10.

Of Light and Life, of Grace and Glor
Thou art in him Partaker.
Rejoice in him for evermore,
Thy Husband is thy Maker.

He made thee, yea made thee his Bride,
Not values thy Miscarriage,
To what he made he'll still abide,
Thy Husband made the Marriage.

He made all, yea he made all thine,
All to thee shall be given,
Who can thy Kingdom undermine?
Thy Husband made the Heaven.

What earthly Thing can thee annoy?

He made the Earth to be.

The Waters cannot thee destroy,

Thy Husband made the Sea.

In Tophet of the damn'd's Resort

Thy Soul shall never dwell,

For thence thou needest fear no Hurt,

Thy Husband formed Hell.

Satan with Instruments of his

May rage, yet dread no Evil,

So far as he a Creature is,

Thy Husband made the Devil.

His black Temptations may afflict,

His fiery Darts annoy,

But all his Works and hellish Trick

Thy Husband doth destroy.

Let Armies strong of earthly Gods

Combine with hellish Ghosts

To fright thee, fear not their Inroads,

Thy Husband's Lord of Hosts.

What can thee hurt, whom dost thou fear?

All Things are at his Call,

Thy Maker is thy Husband dear,

Thy Husband all in all.

What dost thou seek? What dost thou want?

He'll thy Desires fulfil.

He gave himself, what won't he grant?

Thy Husband's at thy Will.

The more thou dost of him desire

The more he loves to give.

Let then thy Aims mount always higher,

Thy Husband gives thee leave.

The less thou seek'st, the less thou dost

His Bounty set on hy,

But highest Seekers here do most,
Thy Husband glorify.

Would'st thou have Grace? Will, but its meet,
He should more Glory gain,
Would'st thou have Father, Son and Sp'rit?
Thy Husband says AMEN.

He doth, even like a liberal God,
Devising liberal Things,
With royal Gifts his Subjects load :
Thy Husband's King of Kings.

No earthly Monarchs have such Store
As thou hast, ev'n in Hand :
But O how infinitely more
Thy Husband gives on Band !

Thou hast indeed the better Part,
Thou hast what faileth never,
Thy Husband's Hand, thy Husband's Heart,
Thy Husband's All for ever.

The End of the Poem on Isaiah liv. 5.



Gospel-



Gospel-Sonnets :

PART III,

The Believers Riddle :

O R,

The Mystery of Faith.

THE PREFACE.

Reader, the following Enigmatick Song
 To wisest Naturalists doth not belong.
 Their Wisdom is but Folly, on this Head,
 ere ruminat they may, but cannot Read.
 altho' they glance the Words, the Meaning choaks,
 ey read the Lines but not the Paradox.
 e Matter doth (altho' the Phrase be blunt)
 eir quickest Intellectuals surmount.
 eat Wits may rouse their Fancies, rack their Brains,
 ad after all their Labour, lose their Pains.
 ould they attempt an Explication-Pat,
 eir wisest Comments were but witless Chat.

No unregenerat Mortals best Ingines
 Can right unriddle these few sorry Lines ;
 Nor any proper Notions thereof reach ;
 Tho' sublimated to the highest Stretch.
 Masters of Reason, plodding Men of Sense,
 Who scorn to mortify their vain Pretence,
 In this deep Mystery may plod their fill,
 It overtops the Top of all their Skill.
 The more they vainly think themselves 'bove it,
 The more it doth transcend their foolish Wit.
 These Sinners who are Saints indeed,
 This Riddle in their Hearts can truly read :
 Yet weakest Saints may feel this truest Sense,
 In their most Bitter Sweet Experience.
 Don't overlook it with a rambling View.
 And thus suppose it neither Good nor True.
 Let Heav'n's pure Oracles the Truth decide,
 Renounce it, if it can't that Test abide.
 Noble Bereans soon the Sense may hit,
 Who sound the divine Depth of sacred Writ,
 Not by what airy, carnal Reason saith,
 But by the golden Line of Heav'n-spun Faith.
 Let not the naughty Verse make you disprove
 The weighty Matter which deserves your Love.
 The Subject treated may be most profound.
 Tho' Words may rattle with a rustick Sound.
 High Strains would spoil the Riddle's grand Intent,
 To teach the weakest, most illiterate Saint.
 That Mahanaim is his proper Name ;
 In whom two struggling Hosts make bloody Game.
 That such may know whose Knowledge is but rude
 How Good consists with Ill, and Ill with Good.
 That Saints be neither at their worst nor best
 Too much exalted, or too much deprest.
 This Paradox is fitted to disclose
 The Skill of Zion's Friends, above her Foes.
 That Wisdom's happy Fools may know their Sense,
 And Folly's wise Men, their gross Ignorance.
 In short, the Theme is calculated wholly
 That Fools may see their Wit, and Wits their Folly.

Don't

don't glance it overly like Jagon vile,
 because it's garnisht with no towering Stile:
 would th' Author act the lofty Poet's Part,
 who make their Sonnets soar on Wings of Art,
 on this Theme had blusht to use his Skill,
 and either clipt his Wings, or broke his Quill.
 Why, this Enigma climbs such divine Hights,
 to scorn to be adorn'd with human Flights.
 These gaudy Strains would lovely Truths disgrace,
 purest Paint deforms a comely Face,
 heav'n's Mistr'ys are above Art's Ornament.
 immensely brighter than it's brightest Paint.
 no towering Literature could ere outwit
 the plainest Diction, fetcht from sacred Writ,
 which all blazing Rhet'rick is out-done,
 twinkling Stars are by the radiant Sun.
 the soaring Orators, who can with ease
 attain the Quintessence of Hyperboles.
 and cloth the barest Theme with purest Dress,
 might here expatiate much, yet say the less.
 These rustick Lines such golden Truths contain
 might be sullied by their gilded strain,
 yet not then a Jewel rare and prime,
 so wrapt up in the Rags of homely Rhime.
 It's all a Contradiction, yet all true,
 and happy Truth, if verif'd in you.
 I forward then to read the Lines, but stay
 to read the Riddle also, by the Way.



The RIDDLE.

§ 1.

MY Life is all a Mystery,
 I am not what I seem to be.
 That once I was, I am no more,
 Yet still the same I was before.

My

My Head is lost, and yet is win;
 I'm Fatherless, yet want no Kin.
 My Kindred are not of one Mind,
 I cruel Parents have, and kind.
 My Father poison'd me to Death,
 My Mother's Hand will stop my Breath.
 Her Womb which once my Substance gave
 Will very quickly be my Grave.
 My Sisters all my Flesh will eat,
 My Brethren tread me under Feet.
 My nearest Friends are most unkind,
 My greatest Foe is most my Friend:
 Who did from Feud to Friendship pass,
 Yet never chang'd from what he was.
 He's both my Father and my Brother,
 He's all my Kin, yet I have other,
 My Father's Children are my Mother.
 I am divorce'd, yet marry'd still,
 With full Consent, yet 'gainst my will.
 My Husband's here, and yet he's gone,
 We differ much and yet are one.
 I'm oft deserted by my Love,
 Who yet from me doth ne'er remove.
 He's one of Three, which three are One.
 He is a Creature, yet he's none;
 The Son of Man, yet no Man's Son.
 He's Omnipresent all may know,
 And yet he is not wholly so.
 His Manhood is not here and there,
 Yet he is God-Man every where.
 He comes and goes, none can him Trace,
 Yet never doth he change his Place.
 Tho' he be good and every Where.
 No good's in Hell and yet he's there.
 I by him, in him, chosen was,
 Yet of the Choice he's not the Cause,
 Tho' he was slain unrighteously
 To whom the Death could ne'er come nigh,
 Justice requir'd that he should die.

With him I neither liv'd nor dy'd.
 And yet with him was crucify'd.
 Saw Curses stopt his Breath, that he
 Right stopt its Mouth from cursing me,
 Is now a thousand Years and more
 Since Heav'n receiv'd him, yet I know
 When he ascended up on Hie,
 To mount the Throne, Even so did I:
 For tho' Earth's Dunghil I embrace,
 I sit with him in heavenly Place.

§ 2

Always Joy, yet mourn in Season;
 Weep, and yet I have no Reason.
 My Sorrow oft my Spirit cheers
 In joyful in a Floud of Tears.
 My Tears are bitter, yet most sweet;
 That makes me hungry is my Meat.
 Hunger now and thirst no more,
 Yet do it more than e'er before.
 I'm full, and yet I'm empty still.
 I'm crost, and yet I have my Will.
 I'm here, and yet I am elsewhere:
 My Life is neither here nor there.
 I'm not where all Men me see,
 Yet where I never yet could be.
 I'm full of Hell, yet part of Heaven,
 I'm upright and yet most uneven.
 When I am low, then am I hie,
 I shall not live yet cannot die.
 I can see God and live, but yet
 In seeing God I life do get.
 I live best when I see most bright,
 Yet live by Faith and not by Sight:
 I stand and yet I always fall,
 Nothing have, and yet have all.
 I'm lib'ral, and yet have nought to spare,
 As black like Hell, and yet I'm fair.
 I'm sinful, yet I have no sin.
 I'm spotted, and yet wholly clean.
 I'm these that sin are of the Devil,
 Yet I'm of God; and yet do Evil,

I seek my self incessantly,
 Yet daily do my self deny;
 I love my self for ever more,
 Yet still I do my self abhor.
 Tho' living in the World I be,
 I'm dead to it, and it to me.
 I'm guileful like a Hypocrite,
 Yet without Guile an Israelite.
 My Joy is endless, yet at best
 Doth hardly for a Moment last.

§ 3.

The Work is great I'm called unto,
 And yet I nothing have to do.
 My Work is done, yet but beginning,
 I'm freed from Sin, but not from sinning;
 I clear my self from no Offence,
 Yet wash mine Hands in Innocence:
 Tho' God be angry at my Sin,
 Yet Anger ne'er affected him:
 And tho' oft-times displeas'd he be,
 Yet he is always pleas'd with me.
 Even when his Anger burns like Fire,
 Yet therein is no Spark of Ire.
 Triumphant is my constant Trade,
 Yet oft I am a Captive led.
 My bloody War doth never cease,
 And yet I have a constant Peace.
 My Foes defeat me ev'ry Way,
 And yet they never gain the Day.
 My Battels whether lost or win
 Were gain'd before they were begun.
 With Trouble I am still oppress'd,
 While yet I never want my Rest.
 I'm pinch'd and yet I have no scant,
 I'm poor and yet I never want.
 I'm free and yet I am confin'd,
 I see and yet I'm very blind.
 I'm lost, and yet I'm safely found,
 I'm heal'd and yet my Plagues abound.

For

RT III. *The Believers Riddle.*

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all my Sins my Heart is sad,
 ce God's dishonour'd ; yet I'm glad.
 o' once I was a Slave to sin,
 ce God doth thereby Glory win.
 Sins are always in his Eye,
 d yet he sees no Sin in me.
 never can forget the same,
 d yet no more remembers them.
 for my Good doth work and win,
 it's not good for me to sin.
 cause my Sins are great, I feel
 eat Fears of Wrath, and yet I still
 Mercy seek, for Pardon wait,
 cause my Sins are very great.

§ 4.

ee Bee and Wasp I manage still,
 ck Ill for Good, and Good from Ill ;
 mil'ty makes my Pride to grow,
 d yet my Pride doth lay me low.
 standing doth my Fall procure,
 falling makes me stand more sure.
 Poyson doth my Physick prove,
 Enmity provocks my Love.
 Poverty doth breed my Wealth,
 Sickneſs doth increaſe my Health,
 Hardneſs tends to make me ſoft.
 d killing Things do cure me oft,
 ile high Attainments caſt me down,
 deepeſt Plunges raiſe me ſoon.
 beſt Things oft have Evil brood,
 ile yet my worſt Things do me good.
 inward Foes which me alarm,
 ey do me Hurt, and yet no Harm.
 ey ne'er did good, and yet I ſee
 ey make me to my Good to flee ;
 ey reach to me a deadly Stroke,
 t ſend me to my living Rock :
 ey make me long for *Canaan's* Banks,
 d yet I give them little Thanks.

I Travel

I Travel, yet I'm fixtly plac'd.
 I run, and yet I don't make haste.
 I take a Way both old and new,
 My Way to me the Way doth shew.
 My Way is that to which I tend,
 My very Way's my Journey's End.
 The Way is streight, yet full of Depths:
 I keep the Way, the Way me keeps.
 Tho' High and out of Sight it be,
 I'm in the Way, the Way's in me.
 When I'm in Company I groan:
 Because I then I'm most alone:
 Yet in my closest Secrecy,
 I'm joyful in my Company.

§ 5.

I'm heard afar, yet make no Noise,
 I cry and never lift my Voice.
 I'm heard when Answer comes, and yet
 I'm heard when I no Answer get.
 Oft find I what I sought much for,
 Yet finding makes me seek the more.
 My fervent Prayers ne'er prevail'd,
 And yet their Prevalence ne'er fail'd.
 I move still in Devotion's Sphere,
 Yet scarce an Hour to Good adhere.
 My sweetest Health doth Sickneſs prove:
 When Love me heals, I'm seek of Love.
 I'm ſchool'd, tho' never at a School;
 I'm wiſe and yet a nat'ral Fool.
 I'm rich, and yet my Stock is ſpent.
 I'm weak, and yet Omnipotent.
 I hope, even when I do deſpair,
 I tremble, when I have no Fear.
 Pardons diſpel my Griefs and Fears,
 And yet diſſolve my Heart in Tears.
 I'm merry, ev'n when I am ſad;
 I'm full of Sorrow, when I'm glad.
 I'm moſt at Home, when in Exile.
 Moſt precious, when I am moſt vile.

PART. III. *The Believers Riddle.*

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Above great Men, I'm great and high,
Yet none so low and vile as I.
My Nature loves him well whom yet
My Nature also still doth hate.
I see him whom I never saw :
Serve without Fear, and yet with Aw.
Love perfect doth all Fear remove,
Yet most I fear, when most I love.
I'm bound to love my Friends, and yet
I sin unless I do them hate.
I am oblig'd to hate my Foes,
Yet bound to love and pray for those.
To some I perfect Hatred bear,
Yet keep the Law of Love entire,
Heart-love to Men I'm call'd t'impart,
And yet God calls for all my Heart.
All Things are lawful unto me ;
Yet many Things unlawful be.

§ 7.

My Heart is false, and yet it's true.
My Name's the same, and yet it's new.
No new Thing is beneath the Sun,
Yet all is new and old Things gone :
When all I lost, I all did win,
I do no ill, and yet I sin.
My Case is plain and yet involv'd.
My Sin's condemn'd, my Soul absolv'd.
My Guilt and Sins all punish'd be,
Yet I the guilty Wretch go free.
No' in my Flesh dwells no good Thing,
Yet therein GOD himself doth reign.
That still I sin I can't deny ;
And yet can say, it is not I.
No' fain I'd be the greatest Saint.
To be the least I'd be content.
I'll have Ease, yet constant Strife,
Life is my Death, Death is my Life.
I'm up and down, I come and go :
I'm fixt, yet always to and fro.

My

My Lowness doth my Height evince
 I am a Beggar and a Prince:
 A King that do a Scepter sway,
 And yet a Subject every way.
 I'm great and mean, I'm high and low,
 A Captive and a free Man too.
 Tho' I'm not worth one Grain of Dust,
 Ten Worlds can't my Price adjust.
 Tho' worthless I my self indite,
 Yet shall as worthy walk in White.
 All Pardon, that I need I have,
 And yet need daily Pardon crave.

§ 7.

The Law's Arrest keeps me in Aw,
 And yet 'gainst me there is no Law.
 For tho' I be (as well I know,)
 A Debtor, yet I nothing owe.
 My Creditor hath nought to say,
 And yet I ne'er had ought to pay.
 He freely pardon'd ev'ry Mite
 And yet would not a Farthing quite.
 All Good that ever came to me,
 Is dearly bought yet wholly free.
 Tho' Truth doth still my Ruin crave,
 Truth stands ingaged me to save.
 My whole Salvation comes by this,
 Even Truth and Mercy's mutual Kiss.
 Law-breakers ne'er it's Curses mist,
 But I ne'er kept it, yet I'm blest.
 I can't be justify'd by it,
 And yet it can't but me acquit.
 I'm not oblig'd to keep it more,
 Yet more oblig'd than e'er before.
 By perfect doing Life I find,
 Yet *Do* and *Live* doth not me bind.
 These Terms no Change can undergo,
 And yet are sweetly chang'd I know.
 My *DOING* caus'd my *LIFE*, but now
 I see my *LIFE* doth cause me *DO*.

Tho' Works of Righteousness I store,
 Yet Righteousness of Works abhor.
 Unto Duties strive to be,
 Yet out of them I'm bound to flee.
 Tho' Merit I renounce with Shame,
 Yet Right to all by Merit claim.
 Merit of perfect Righteousness
 I never had, yet never miss :
 On this Condition I have all,
 Yet all is unconditional.
 Tho' freest Mercy I implore,
 Yet I am safe on Justice Score.
 Tho' Justice can't the Guilty free,
 Yet Justice clearerth guilty Me.

§ 8.

The Man that makes my Freedom just,
 Is GOD, which needs not do't, yet must : }
 He is my Hope, I am his Trust.
 He pay'd the Debt that is well known
 To be all mine, yet all his own.
 Hence tho' I ne'er had more or less
 Of Justice-pleasing Righteousness,
 Yet such a Righteousness I have,
 As Justice could no better crave :
 And did my Judge much more appease,
 Than e'er my Sins did him displease.
 Here ev'ry divine Property
 Is to the highest set on high:
 As Justice can't be pleas'd so well
 By all the Torments born in Hell.
 Full Satisfaction here is such,
 As Hell can never yield so much :
 Tho' Justice therefore might me damn,
 Yet by more Justice sav'd I am.
 My Peace and Safety lyes in this,
 My Creditor my Surety is.
 He is my Judge, yet ne'ertheless,
 My Judge is even my Righteousness,
 Because I wanted Price he knew,

He

He paid the Debt unto him due.
 He satisfy'd himself for me,
 When he did Justice satisfy.
 He to the Law, tho' Lord of it,
 Did most obediently submit.
 He never broke it, yet must die.
 I ne'er it kept, yet live must I:
 For tho' it me condemns at large,
 It can lay nothing to my Charge.
 The Law, which him its Keeper kill'd,
 In me its Breaker is fulfill'd.
 Yea magnify'd and honour'd more,
 Then Sin defac't it e'er before:
 Hence tho' my Judge hath ground I see
 And Reason for condemning me,
 He hath more ground to justify:
 But tho' he freely me remit,
 Yet I my self can ne'er acquit.
 My Judge condemns me not, I grant,
 Yet justify my self I can't.
 From him I have a Pardon got,
 And yet my self I pardon not.
 Tho' I from him Forgiveness have,
 I never yet my self forgave.
 The more that he's to me pleas'd,
 The more I'm with my self displeas'd:
 The more that I'm absolv'd by him,
 The more I do my self condemn.
 Tho' he in righteous Judgment tell
 That justly I in Heaven must dwell,
 Yet I adjudge my self to Hell:
 Yet still I to his Judgment 'gree,
 And clear him for absolving me.
 He cleareth me and I him clear:
 I justify my Justifier.
 Let him condemn or justify,
 From all Injustice I him free:

§ 9

His Will and mine agree full well,
 yet disagree like Heav'n and Hell.
 His Nature's mine, and mine is his;
 yet so was never that nor this.
 Him embrace most heartily,
 yet ne'er had Arms to reach so high.
 When I embrace him still I see,
 is only his embracing me.
 I do according to his Call,
 and yet not I but he doth all.
 His coming to me makes me do,
 I know he comes, yet know not how.
 I know him and his Name, yet own
 he and his Name can ne'er be known.
 I keep his Laws yet always swerve,
 I serve him, yet never could him serve.
 I have no Good but what he gave,
 yet he commends the Goods I have.
 And tho' my Good to him ascends,
 his Goodness to him ne'er extends.
 I take hold of his Covenant,
 yet it takes hold of me, (I grant :)
 I am bound to keep it, yet I see,
 I am bound to keep and care for me.
 So on my Part it cannot last,
 yet on both Sides it standeth fast.
 I break my Bonds at ev'ry Shock,
 yet the Bargain can't be broke.
 I yield Obedience ev'ry Day,
 yet I daily disobey.
 I am an imperfect perfect Man,
 yet I can do all, yet nothing can.
 Day with me, and yet it's Night,
 I am all wrong, and yet all right :
 I am useful in ev'ry Thing, and yet
 I am useful for Nothing small or great.
 I am most secure, yet most expos'd.
 I am in an open Field, and yet inclos'd,
 I have pleasant Fruits wild Boars have mar'd,
 yet still I am a Garden bar'd.

A Stranger ev'n where all me know,
 A Pilgrim, yet I no where go.
 I trade abroad, yet stay at Home:
 My Tabernacle is my Tomb.
 I can be prison'd, yet abroad;
 Bound Hand and Foot, yet walk with God.

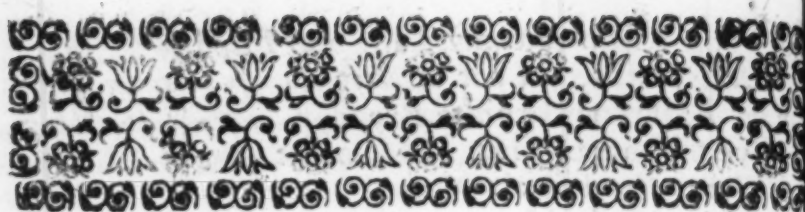
§ 10.

Temptations breed me much Annoy,
 Yet diverse such I count all Joy.
 On Earth I see Confusions reel,
 Yet Wisdom ord'ring all Things well.
 I sleep, yet have a waking Ear,
 I'm very Deaf, yet well I hear.
 I'm Dumb, yet *Shibboleth* pronounce,
 I'm born again, yet born but once.
 I'm wet and dry, I'm hot and cold,
 I'm tim'rous, yet a Lyon bold.
 I'm black and lovely, dim and bright,
 Immortal, yet a mortal Wight.
 I like a Stone do sink and pore,
 Yet like an Eagle wing'd I soar.
 To Heav'n I flee, to Earth I tend,
 Grow better still, but never mend.
 My Heav'n is sure to me and yet
 I am but seldom sure of it.
 My Life appears in open View,
 Yet is most hid, and known to Few.
 My Friends that see me whence I came,
 Yet know not whence nor where I am.
 I live in Earth which is not odd,
 But so I also live in God.
 Who tho' he ne'er had Flesh and Blood,
 Yet hath them both to be my Food.
 And tho' I ne'er did taste such Meat,
 Yet still this to my Taste is sweet.
 Tho' other Things my Life preserve,
 Yet without this my Life would starve.
 I live what others live upon,
 Yet live I not by Bread alone;

But Food which suits my Taste and Mind :
I live on Words, yet not on Wind.
I'm no Anthropomorphite Brood,
Yet live on human Flesh and Blood :
Yet still my Food is all Divine,
On which I feast and yet I pine :
My Leanness, Leanness, ah, I cry,
Yet Fat and full of Sap am I.
Camelion like and Salamander,
In Air and Fire I live and wander.
As each amphibious Creature doth,
I live in Land and Water both.
I live above, and yet below ;
I upward move, yet downward grow.
I'm prone to Good, yet bent to ill ;
A Saint, and yet unholy still.
To Duty seldom I adhere,
Yet to the End I persevere.
I die and rot beneath the Clod,
Yet live and reign as long as God.

CONCLUSION.

Here is the Riddle in your Sight,
But where's the Man can read it right.
To read it is to know its Sense,
A sad and sweet Expeience.
Great Saints indeed we may them call
Whose Heart Experience grasps it all.
And these who hardly can it Trace,
Them yet at best, but Babes in Grace ;
But those who not at all can read,
Strangers in Israel are indeed.



Gospel-Sonnets :

P A R T. IV.

The Believers Lodging, and Inn while on Earth

O R

A Poem or Paraphrase upon Psal. lxxxiv.

Verse 1. *How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.*

JEHOVAH, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Sole Monarch of the universal Host ;
Whom the attendant Armies still revere,
Which with bright Robes surround the heavenly Sphere
Whose sov'rain Arm doth sway the hellish Band
Of ranked Legions, in th' infernal Land :
Who hold'st the Earth at thy unrival'd Beck,
And stay'st proud Forces with a humbling Check :
Ev'n ~~Yea~~ thou whose Name commands an awful Dread ;
Yet dains to dwell with Man, in very Deed.
O what Refreshment fills the dwelling Place
Of thy Exuberant, unbounded Grace !
Which, with sweet Pow'r, doth Joy and Praise extort
In Zion's Tents, they ever lov'd Resort :
Where gladning Streams of Mercy from above
Make Souls brim-full of sweet, seraphick Love.

Of sweetest Odours all thy Garment smells,
Thy dismal Absence proves a thousand Hells,
But Heav'ns of Joy are where thine Honour dwells. }

*Verse 2. My Soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the
Courts of the Lord: My Heart and Flesh cryeth out
for the living God.*

Therefore on thee I center my Desire,
Which veh'mently bursts out in ardent Fire.
Deprived I, do languish in my Complaint,
My Bones are feeble, and my Spirits faint.
My longing Soul doth pant to see again
Thy Temple filled with thy glorious Train:
These Palaces, with heav'nly Odours strew'd,
And regal Courts, where Zion's King is view'd:
To see the Beauty of the highest One,
Upon his holy Mount and lofty Throne;
Whence Vertue runneth to revive the Dead,
Still streaming from the ever-living-Head.
My Heart's repeated Cry for God doth sound,
To which my Flesh in Echoes doth rebound,
For him, for him, who Life and Death can give,
For him, for him, whose sole Prerogative
From and to Eternity to live. }

*Verse 3. Yea, the Sparrow hath found an House and the
Swallow a Nest for her self, where she may lay her young,
even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God,*

As! how from thy lovely Dwellings I
Am banisht do the happy Birds envy.
Which chusing thy high Altars for their Nest,
In Rasters of thy Tabernacle Rest:
There dwells the Sparrow, of a chirping Tongue,
And here the Swallow lays her tender Young:
O Sacred edge! they seize the sacred Spot,
And seem to glory o'er my absent Lot;
I sure I have more special Right to thee,
Than all the brutal Hosts of Earth and Sea;

That

That Sov'reign at whose Government they bow,
Is wholly mine, by his eternal Vow :
My King to rule my Heart, and quell my Foes,
My God t' extract my Well from present Woes,
And Crown with endless Glory at the Close.

*Verse 4. Blessed are they that dwell in thy House : They
will be still praising thee.*

O happy they that haunt thy House below ;
And to thy royal Sanctuary flow :
Not for it self, but for the glorious One
Who there inhabits his erected Throne.
Others pass by, but here their Dwelling is,
O happy People crown'd with Bays of Bless :
Blest with the spendid Lustre of thy Face,
Blest with the high, melodious sound of Grace.
That wak'neth Souls into a sweet Amaze,
And turns their Spirits to a Harp of Praise ;
Which loudly makes this lower Temple ring
With Hallelujahs, to the mighty King :
And thus they antedate the glorious Song
Of that celestial and triumphant Throng,
Who warble Notes of Praise, Eternity along.

Verse 5. Blessed is the Man whose Strength is in the

What Weights of Bless their happy Shoulders load,
Whose Strength lies in a potent God :
Self-drained Souls, yet flowing to the Brim,
Because void in themselves, but full in him.
The primar Adam spent their Stock of Strength,
The second did retrieve their Sum at length ;
Who keeps't himself, a surer Hand indeed,
To give not as they list, but as they need.
When furious Foes do threaten sudden Harms.
He then extends his everlasting Arms,
When Satan driveth his invenom'd Darts
He gives them Courage and undaunted Hearts,
To quell his Fury with a divine Skill,
Hence comes their Strength to do their Sov'reign's Will

PART IV. *The Believers Lodging, &c.* 103

When sore harast by some outrageous Lust,
He, levelling its Pow'r unto the Dust,
Makes Saints to own him worthy of their Trust.

Verse 6. *In whose Hearts are the Ways of them, who
passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a Well;
the Rain also filleth the Pools.*

Such Heav'n-born Souls are not to Earth confin'd,
Truth's high Way fills their elevated Mind:
They, bound for Zion, travel to the same
As Israel's Males to old Jerusalem.
Their holy Path lies through a parched Land,
Through Oppositions numerous and grand.
Traversing scorched Desarts, ragged Rocks,
And Baca's wither'd Vale, like thirsty Flocks:
Yet with unshaken Vigour home ward go,
Not mov'd by all opposing Harms below.
They digging Wells on this Gilboa Top,
The Vale of Acher yields a Door of Hope;
For Heav'n in Plenty doth their Labour crown,
By making silver Show'rs to trickle down:
Till empty Pools imbibe a pleasant Fill,
And weary Souls are heartn'd up the Hill,
By massy Drops of Joy, which down distil.

Verse 7. *They go from Strength to Strength, every one
of them appeareth in Zion before God.*

Thus they, refreshed by superiour Aid,
Are not defatigated, nor dismay'd;
Because they are, O Truth of awful Dread!
As strong as great *Jehovah*, in their Head:
Hence they shall travel with triumphant Minds,
In spite of ragged Paths and boisterous Winds.
The roughest Ways make not their Strength the less,
Each new Assault their Vigour doth increase.
When they through mortal Blows, seem to give o'er
Their Strength, by intermitting gathers more:

And

And thus they with unweary'd Zeal endu'd,
 Still as they journey have their Strength renew'd.
 So glorious is the Race, that once begun,
 Each one doth strive his Fellow to outrun :
 Till all uniting in a glorious Band,
 Before the royal Throne of God shall stand,
 And Harp his glorious Praise, in Zion Land.

Verse 8. *O Lord God of Hosts, bear my Prayer: Give
 Ear, O God of Jacob.*

Great God of numerous Hosts, who reigns alone
 The sole Possessor of th' imperial Throne ;
 Since mental Tasts of thy delicious Grace
 So sweetly Relish in thy holy Place :
 This is the Subject of my tabled Pray'r
 To have the Vision of thy Glory there.
 O let my Cry pierce the ethereal Frame,
 And Mercy's Echo follow down the same.
 Omniscient Being, favour my Desire,
 Hide not my Goodness in paternal Ire :
 Why, thou hast given in an eternal Band
 To Jacob and his Seed, thy royal Hand.
 And promist by thy sacred Deity,
 His King and covenanted God to be :
 Therefore my Hopes are center'd all on thee.

Verse 9. *Behold O God our Shield, and look upon the
 Face of thine Anointed.*

Omnipotent, whose Armour none can wield,
 Zion's great Buckler and defensive Shield ;
 Thy pure, untainted Eyes cannot behold
 Deformed Mortals in their sinful Mold :
 Unless their Names be graved on the Breast
 Of Zion's holy, consecrated Priest :
 When they his white and glorious Robe do wear,
 Then Sin and Guilt both wholly disappear :
 Because o'erwhelmed in the crimson Flood
 And Ocean, of a dying Surety's Blood.
 They now, invested with his radiant Grace,
 Reflect the Lustré of his holy Face.

PART IV. *The Believers Lodging.*

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They're not themselves now, but divinely trim,
For wholly, what they are, they are in him :
And hence *Jehovah's* all-discerning Eye,
Cannot in them espy Deformity :
Then look on the Lord, and in him on me :

}

Verse 10. *For a Day in thy Courts is better than a thousand : I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of my God, than dwell in the Tents of Wickedness.*

May I possess as thy domestick Child,
The House that by *Jehovah's* Name is stil'd :
For royal Glories deck these Courts of thine,
Which with Majestick Rays so brightly Shine ;
That should my Mind present an Earth of Gold,
As full of humane Joys as Man can hold,
Yet Grace so fills thy House, I'd grudge to spare
One Minute here, for thousand Ages there.
No earthly Object shall my Love confine,
That Being which possesseth All, is mine :
Therefore my Spirit rather would embrace
The meanest Office in his holy Place,
And ly the Threshold of his House within,
Then sit in Splendor on a Throne of Sin.
Yea, tho' my Lamp of outward Peace should burn
Most brightly, yet I would incessant mourn,
While in a wicked *Meshech* I sojourn.

}

Verse 11. *For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield : He will give Grace and Glory ; and no good Thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

For God the Lord, whose Courts I love to haunt,
Is ev'ry thing that empty Souls can want :
A Sun for Light, a Shield for Strength ; yea more
In Earth he gives his Grace, in Heav'n his Glore :
This radiant Sun, of Life and Life the Source,
Doth scatter Shades by's circumambient Course ;
Yea Guides bemisted Souls with heartsome Beams,
And gloriously irradiating Gleams :
This massy Shield is burnished with Pow'r,
For helping Weaklings in a per'ous Hour.

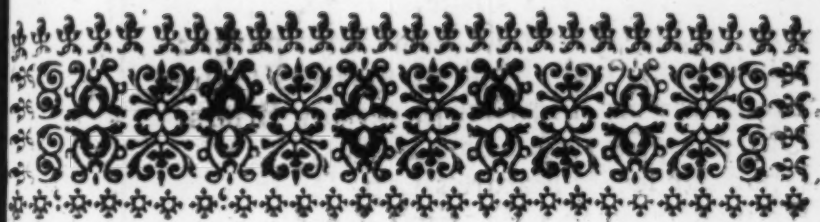
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Here's all that weary Travellers would have,
 A Sun to cherish and a Shield to save.
 He giveth also Grace t' adorn the Soul,
 Which yields to Glory in the heav'nly Pole.
 All divine Treasure to the Saint is due,
 Nothing's deny'd, if Truth it self be true.
 The Treasure is so vast it can't be told,
 Nothing that God can give, will God withhold.
 To whom he doth his saving Grace impart,
 To them he gives himself, his Hand, his Heart.
 Integrity of Heart and Life doth fall
 Unto their Share, who, having him, have all:
 In them, the Grace he gives, he still regards,
 Gives Holiness, and then his Gift rewards.
 To Persons upright of the divine Brood,
 He's bound to grant that all is great and good,
 By's own sure Word, firm Oath and sacred Blood.

Verse 12. *O Lord God of Hosts blessed is the Man that
 trusteth in thee.*

O then *Jehovah*, God of Armies strong,
 To whom the Pow'rs of Earth and Heav'n belong,
 How vastly blest is the fixed Man,
 Who, by a firm, fiducial Boldness can,
 Through Grace and Strength dispensed from above,
 So sweetly scan the height of divine Love;
 As to derive his Comfort wholly thence,
 And on this Rock to found his Confidence.
 Whose Faith hath reared, for a firm Abode,
 A Stable building on a living God.
 Who spoil'd of humane Props, both great small,
 Do chuse a triun Diety for all.
 What Scroles of Bless are in this All inroll'd,
 Is too sublime for Angels to unfold:
 Sift humane Skill then, in a deep Amaze,
 Let rapid Floods of Life his Glory raise
 Till Time be drown'd into eternal Praise.

Gospel.



Gospel-Sonnets :

PART V.

The Believers Soliloquy,

Especially when, in Disertion and Affliction, complaining of his own evil Heart, and longing to be above, where he shall sin no more, &c.

§ 1.

OH weary Soul, what can afford
Contentment, when an absent Lord
Denies to send a Line of Love,
Or pleasant Message from Above?
What Heart can joy, what Soul can sing,
When *Winter* overruns the *Spring*?
Sade Case, yet can I not condole,
Lord save a dying, drooping Soul.
Oh, if thou wilt not come and stay,
My Soul in Sin will pine away.
In Sin (whose ill no Tongue can tell)
To live is Death, to die is Hell.
If free from Thral I cannot win,
Yet save me Lord at least from Sin.

But

This, for thy Glory's sake, I urge,
 And for his sake whose Blood doth purge :
 Christ came from Rank of glorious Quires,
 From heav'nly Flow'rs, to earthly Briars.
 Our *Sampson* took a holy Nap,
 Upon our feeble Nature's Lap.
 He wand'ring in a Pilgrim's Weed,
 Did taste our Grievs to help our Need,
 Earth's Fury did upon him light ;
 How black was *Herod's* cruel Spight ?
 Who, to be sure of murdering One,
 Least he be spar'd did pity None.
 Hell hunts the Babe a few Days-old,
 Which came to rattle *Sathan's* Fold.
 He, only he, Salvation hath,
 Whom Heav'n and Hell pursu'd to Death.
 O Sin, how heavy is thy Weight ?
 Which press't the glorious God of Might.
 His Hand the World's Globe doth prop,
 This Weight ne'er made him sweet a Drop.
 But when the Load of Sin is found,
 It press't his Body to the Ground.
 Alas ! if God sink under Sin,
 How shall the Man that dies therein ?
 Lord let thy Fall my Rise obtain,
 And let thy Shame my Glory gain.
 My Soul must have a Draught of Love,
 Or take me hence to drink above.
 There let my Grievs be swallow'd up,
 For *Mara's* Gall here fills my Cup.
 Love here is scarce a faint Desire,
 But there it is a flaming Fire.
 My Life while here is scarce a Motion,
 But there my Drop shall be an Ocean.
 My Light with Darkness here's undone,
 But there the Spark's a radiant Sun.
 My Hope is here a weary Groan,
 But there Fruition gets the Throne.

To Freedom here doth Bondage cling,
 But there the Captive is a King.
 Grace here is like a buried Seed,
 But Sinners there are Saints indeed.
 My Portion's here a Crumb at best,
 But there's the Lamb's eternal Feast.
 To praise I fain would here aspire,
 But there I'll sing and never tire.
 Dark Shadows here do cloud my Day,
 But there all Shadows flee away.
 My Foes while here do beat me down,
 But there my Head shall wear the Crown;
 Yet all the Revenues I'll bring
 To Zion's everlasting King.

§ 2.

What means this wicked, wand'ring Heart?

This trembling of my Soul?

Would my Physician but impart

A touch, t' would make me whole.

But will he heal my wretched Case

Who justly did withdraw

From me, that slighted all his Grace,

My past Experience saw.

Oh, for thy Promise Sake, return,

Apply thy cleansing Blood,

Look down with pity on a Worm;

Free Mercy do me Good.

When thou thy Word of Pow'r applies

And kindly says thou'rt mine,

My faithless, sinking Heart replies,

I wish I could be thine.

My Faith is bury'd under Doubts,

Which casts my Good away,

And, by raising vain Disputes,

The blessing of the Day.

'Twas

'Twas not because no Show'rs did flow
 Of *Manna* at my Door :
 But by my Folly, I'm into
 A worse Case than before.

Lord come with greater Pow'r, for why,
 Mine's not a common Case :
 When thou wouldst shine, yet scarce do I
 Incline to see thy Face.

Such faint Desire to mend mine Ill
 I have within my Heart,
 I should, I would, but that I will
 I hardly dare assert.

O to be free of that base Wrack,
 That keeps me from my God
 I fly from thee, Lord bring me back
 By Love, or by thy Rod.

Was ere one pierc'd with such a Dart ?
 Was ever Grief like mine ?
 An absent God, a careless Heart !
 In this sad Case I pine.

What Wonder tho' I droop alone
 And mourn in secret Place,
 My only Joy is from me gone,
 My Lord doth hide his Face.

Yet Lord, if thou thy Love unfold,
 And manifest thy self,
 I think I'd prize it, more than Gold,
 Or Worlds of earthly Pelf.

Of thy good Sp'rit let me partake,
 That so my Prayer may come
 Before thee who can wisely make,
 Even Distance lead me Home.

O thou, who can'st by present Wo
 For absent Blessings fit,

PART V. *The Believers Soliloquy.*

III

Give Grace to hate my Sins, and to
Their Punishment submit.

That wretch'd I may while I live
Thy Justice own with Fear;
And yet when try'd may never grieve
Thy Mercy by Despair.

That I may never basely spurn
Against thy unknown Ways,
But magnify thy Work and turn
My Groaning into Praise;

Pence for my Sin, by which I swerv'd
And from my Glory fell,
In chasten'd here, and not reserv'd
To feel its Weight in Hell.

§ 3.

Black doom by Desert should go,
Then my Desert is Death,
Which robs from Souls immortal Joy,
From Body's Mortal Breath.

Not in so great a Saviour
So base a Worm's annoy
Can add no Place unto thy Pow'r,
Nor Pleasure to thy Joy.

Thou justly may'st me doom to Death,
And everlasting Fire,
Not on a Wretch to pour thy Wrath
Can not be worth thine Ire.

For Christ's sake, who the Ransom was,
Let Mercy me release,
Let him be Umpire of my Cause,
And pass the Doom of Peace.

Let Grace forgive, let Love forget
My vile Apostasie,
Let temper thy deserved Hate
With Mercy towards me.

The

The wrestling Winds and raging Blasts
 Hold me in cruel Chase,
 They break my Anchors, Sails and Masts,
 And yield no resting Place.

The boistrous Seas, with swelling Floods,
 On ev'ry Side do Fight.
 Heav'n overcast with stormy Clouds
 Dims all the Planets Light.

The hellish Furies ly in wait,
 To win me to their Pow'r,
 To make me bite at ev'ry Bait,
 And my own Bane devour.

Oft, chain'd in Sin, I ly in Thral,
 Next Border to despair:
 Till Grace me raise, and from my Fall
 My Ruins all repair.

My hov'ring Thoughts would fly to Glore,
 And Nest above the Sky:
 Fain would my tumbling Ship a Shore
 At that sure Anchor ly:

But mounting Thoughts are hailed down,
 With Poise of corrupt Load:
 And blust'ring Storm deny with Frown
 A Hav'n of safe abode.

To crush the Sin that rais'd the Blast
 Thy conquering Grace afford:
 The Storm might cease, could I but cast
 This *Jonah* over Board.

Base Flesh, with fleshly Pleasures gain'd,
 Doth Grace's Sute decline;
 Sweet Grace doth court me for its Friend,
 But here doth Flesh repine.

Sear up my Soul to *Tabor Hill*,
 Cast off this loathsome Load:

PART V. *The Believers Soliloquy.*

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Long is the Date of thy Exile,
While absent from thy God.

Not on earthly Weeds and Toys,
Which do not suit thy Taste:
The Flow'rs of everlasting Joys
Do grow for thy Repast.

With that the glorious God above
In Jesus, loveth thee,
How base, how brutish is thy Love,
Of any less than he?

Is thy All, thy Store, thy Stock,
Thy Health, thy Wealth, thy Treasure,
Thy Light, thy Hope, thy Life, thy Rock,
Thy Strength, thy Joy, thy Pleasure.

§ 4.

Lord, when thy bright Face thou hid'st,
And leavest me alone,
Doubt of all that ere thou did'st,
When thou thy self art gone.

Soul calls all in Question then,
Because so much it lacks:
Good (I think) doth now remain,
No Groan, no smocking Flax.

Is't this he had? Oh that is sad!
No Grain of Grace is felt;
When quit with Christ, and Idols wed:
Ah! here the Heart doth melt.

And now, I think thou hast my Heart,
This Bargain black I hate,
We are not, cannot, will not part
With thee, at such a Rate.

Ou, Father-like, did'st do me Good:
Grace did me once perfume:
Art thou a Father to conclude
With dreadful Judge's Doom?

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Confirm to me thy former Deed,
 Reform what is defil'd :
 I was, I am, I'll still abide
 Thy Choice, thy Charge, thy Child,

Love-Tokens, which thou did'st impart,
 Lockt up in Mind I have ;
 I cannot raze out of my Heart
 What Grace did there engrave.

Thou once did'st help and make me whole
 By thy Almighty Hand,
 Thou mad'st me vow, and gift my Soul :
 Both Vow and Gift shall stand.

But, since my Sin and Folly gross
 My joyful Cup did spill,
 Make me the Captive of thy Cross,
 Submissive to thy Will.

Within my self a Self I hate,
 That's Matter of my Groan ;
 Nor can I rid me from the Mate
 That causeth me to moan.

O wicked, frail, unconstant Flesh !
 Soon trapt in ev'ry Gin,
 Soon turn'd, o'erturn'd, and then afresh
 Plung'd in the Gulf of Sin.

This woful Weight I feel within,
 How long shall it be so ?
 O shall I be a Slave to Sin
 That is so fierce a Foe ?

Alas, my Lord, what shall I say ?
 In Grief how live I here ?
 Dishon'ring thee from Day to Day,
 Whose Glory should be dear.

But while my Sin doth breed my Grief,
 And make me sadly pine,

PART V. *The Believers Soliloquy.*
With Blinks of Grace, Lord, give Relief,
Till Beams of Glory shine.

115

§ 5

A Lazer at thy Gate I ly,
As well it me becomes,
For Children's Bread asham'd to cry,
O grant a Dog the Crumbs.

My Wounds and Rags, my Need proclaim
Let Need thy Aid procure:
My Wounds bear Witness that I'm lame,
My Rags that I am poor.

Thou many do'st with Mercy feed,
Thou pity'st the distrest;
Wilt thou not shew an Alms-Deed
To me among the rest?

None else can give my Soul Relief,
None else can ease my Moan,
But he whose Absence breeds my Grief:
All other Lords be gone.

How can I cease from my Complaint?
How can I be at rest?
My Mind can never be content
To want my noble Guest.

Drop down mine Eyes, and never tire,
Cease not on any Terms,
Until I have my Heart's Desire,
My Lord within mine Arms.

My Heart, my Hand, my Spirits fail,
When he away doth go;
My Flesh, my Foes, my Sins prevail,
And work my daily Wo.

When shall I see that blessed Sight
That shall my Sins destroy,
That Lord of Love, that Lamp of Light,
To banish all Annoy?

H 2

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O blessed Jesus, come to me,
And make no longer Stay,
Or else receive my Soul to thee,
That breathes to be away.

O could I but from Sinning cease,
And wait on *Pisgah*-Hill,
Until I saw his blessed Face ;
Then should my Soul be still.

But since I find it cannot be,
But Sin must in me dwell,
O give me Leave to long, for thee,
For Absence is a Hell.

Thy Glory should be dear to me,
Who me so dear hast bought ;
O save from rend'ring Ill to thee,
For Good which thou hast wrought.

With Fear I crave, with Hope I cry,
Oh promis'd Favour send :
Be thou thy self, tho' Changeling I
Ungratefully offend.

Out of thy Way remove the Lets,
Cleanse this defiled Den,
Tender my Sutes, cancel my Debts
Sweet Jesus, say AMEN.



Gospel-Sonnets : \

OR,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PART VI.

Containing

The Believers Principles.

Especially concerning

Law and Gospel,
Justification and Sanctification,
Faith and Sense, &c.

To which are prefixed, 1st, Some of the
first Principles of the Oracles of God;
2^{dly}, The Believers Riddle enlarged.

By Mr. Ralph Erskine Minister of the
Gospel at *Dunfermline*.

Never before published.

1 Cor. ii. 7. *But we speak the Wisdom of
God in a Mystery.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVI.

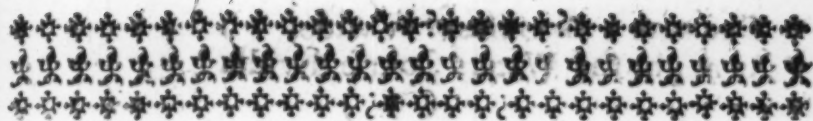
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Gospel-Sonnets :

OR, Spiritual Songs.

PART VI.

The Believers Principles.

CHAP. I.

Containing some of the first Principles of the Oracles
of GOD.

§ 1.

A Meditation on the Works of Creation, and of the
first seven Days : Or, The first Chapter of Genesis
compendised; occasioned by translating the following
Lines from Latine to English.

*Prima dies Cælum & Terram lucemque creavit,
Altera distendit spacium, discrimen aquarum.*

Tertia cecernens undas, dat gramina terris.

Quarta creat solem & lunam, caelestiaque astra.

Quinta dedit pisces, eadem genus omne volantum.

Sexta tulit pecudes, hominem quoq; quem Deus ipse

Condedit; inde operis requies lux septima fulsit.

In English thus,

(1.)

" The first Day, at Jehovah's Word,

" Did Heav'n and Earth and Light afford.

(2.) The

(2.)

" The next a *Firmament* so wide,
 " As might the *Waters Course* divide.

(3.)

" The Third, severing *Land* from *Seas*,
 " Made *Earth* produce *Herbs*, *Grass* and *Trees*.

(4.)

" The Fourth, *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* of *Light*,
 " Set up, to rule the *Day* and *Night*.

(5.)

" The Fifth made *Fish* in *Depths* to move,
 " And *Fowls* to Fly in *Air* above.

(6.)

" The Sixth all earthly *Beasts* did bring,
 " And *Man* to be the *Creatures King*.

(7.)

" The Seventh, of all these *Days* the best,
 " Was made for *God* and *Man* to rest.

(8.)

Redemption-work doth bring again
 The *First* of these to be the *Main*.

(9.)

Fetching new *Heav'ns* and *Earth* in *Sight*,
 And *Immortality* to *Light*.

(10.)

Since then, the *First* is now the *best*,
 Keep well this Pledge of endless *Rest*.



§ 2.

*A Meditation on the great Mystery of the Redeemer's
 Incarnation ;*

O R,

God manifested in the Flesh.

1. Tim. 3. 16. Jo. 1. 14.

(1.)

What tho' the *Waters*, struck with *Dread*,
 Rise up and form a *Pyramid*?
 Tho' *floods* should gush from *Rocks* and *Stones*,
 Or living *Souls* from wither'd *Bones*?

(2.) To

(2.)

To hear of an *incarnate God*,
Is yet more wonderful and odd ;
Or, to behold, how God most high
Could in our Nature *breathe* and *die*.

(3.)

What tho' the bright *angelick* Forms
Were wholly turn'd to crawling *Worms* ?
These Creatures were but Creatures still,
Tho' chang'd at the Creator's Will.

(4.)

Tho' Creatures change a thousand Ways,
It can't such Admiration raise ;
As this alone admir'd for ay,
Th' Eternal-Word a Piece of Clay.

(5.)

God-Man a wonderful Contexture,
Yet no Confusion, no Commixture :
But still a Wonder great and fresh,
A *Spirit Infinite* made *Flesh*.

(6.)

What tho', when *Nothing* heard his Call,
Nothing obey'd, and brought forth all ?
What tho' he *Nothing's Brood* maintain,
Or all annihilate again ?

(7.)

Tho' Nothing into Being pass,
Or back again to what it was ?
For lo ! the *God of Beings* here
As turn'd to *Nothing* doth appear.

(8.)

O wonder, wonder at his Form !
The mighty God became a Worm !
Before him *Arian*-pride shall bow,
He's *Jesus* and *Jehovah* too.

§ 3.

CHRIST *All in All* :

OR

*The Gospel-Catechism.**Question.*

- (1.) Kind *Teacher*, may I come to learn,
 In this abrupt Address,
 By asking Questions which concern
 Eternal Happiness ?

Answer.

- (2) Why not ? but if you love to run
 The pleasant *Gospel Race*,
 Know that the Name of *Christ* alone,
 Can answer every Case.

(3.)

- Q.* By Sin, my God, and All is lost ;
 O where may God be found ?
A. In Christ ; for so the Holy Ghost
 Shews by the joyful Sound.

(4.)

- Q.* But how may God with sinful Me
 Again be reconcil'd ?
A. In Christ, in whom his Grace to thee
 And Favour is reveal'd.

(5.)

- Q.* O where may I enjoy the same,
 And see the divine Grace ?
A. In Christ, the Image of his Name,
 And Brightness of his Face.

(6.)

- Q.* Where shall I seek the divine Store,
 As not to seek in vain ?
A. In Christ ; in whom for evermore
 His Fulness doth remain.

(7.)

(7.)

Q. But where shall I at Freedom be
From all the *Wrath* of God ?

A. In Christ ; who bore upon the Tree
That whole amazing Load.

(8.)

Q. How may the like of me expect
To dwell in Heav'n for ay ?

A. Throug h Christ, who is for this Effect
The *Consecrated* Way.

(9.)

Q. But where's my Title, *Right*, or Claim
To that eternal Bless ?

A. In Christ alone, that glorious Name,
The *Lord* our *Righteousness*.

(10.)

Q. But who unfit can enter there,
Or with such nasty Feet ?

A. Christ by his Blood can make thee fair,
His Spirit makes thee *meet*.

(11.)

Q. What if I weary ne'ertheless,
Before I win the length ?

A. Christ, who is all thy *Righteousness*,
Is also all thy *Strength*.

(12.)

Q. But what if *Fiends* and wicked *Foes*,
Shall by the Way molest ?

A. Christ is a Friend to bridle those,
And give the *Weary* rest.

(13.)

Q. But what if dreadful *Guilt* shall brand,
And stare me in the Face ?

A. Christ hath a *Pardon* in his Hand,
And justifying Grace.

(14.)

Q. What Way can divine *Mercy* vent,
Where Sins are great and throng ?

A. Christ is the *Channel* with Descent,
That *Mercy* runs along.

(15.)

(15.)

Q. But may not *Justice* interpose,
And stand in *Mercy's* Way?

A. Christ's Death did all the Debt thou owes
To divine *Justice* pay.

(16.)

Q. Where shall mine Eyes the Pardon spy,
Unto my saving Good?

A. In Christ's free *Promise* it doth ly,
In his attoning Blood.

(17.)

Q. What Ground have I to trust, and say,
The *Promise* is not vain?

A. In Christ the *Promises* are *Yea*,
In him they are *Amen*.

(18.)

Q. But where is Christ himself, O where
With *Promises* so sweet?

A. Christ's in the *Promises*, and there
Thy Faith and He may meet.

(19.)

Q. Is Christ in them, and they in Christ,
How shall I this descry?

A. Christ's Blood and Spirit there do tryft,
To *seal* and to *apply*.

(20.)

Q. But 'gainst the fiery Law of God,
What is my best Defence?

A. Christ with his Fury-quenching Blood
And full Obedience.

(21.)

Q. But how shall I get *Faith*, alas,
I find I can't believe?

A. Christ is the *Author* of that Grace,
And Faith is his to give.

(22.)

Q. O may I hope that he will grant
This Blessing unto me?

A. Christ, when he lets thee see thy Want,
Prepares thee for *Supplie*.

(23.)

(23.)

Q. Repentance must be had ; but whence
(Pray tell me) may I have it ?

A. Christ is exalted as a Prince,
By God's right Hand to give it.

(24.)

Q. I must be *holy*, (as it's meet)
But how shall I be so ?

A. Christ Jesus, by his Holy Sp'rit,
Doth Holiness bestow.

(25.)

Q. But how shall I perform aright
The *Works* I'm bound unto ?

A. Christ worketh in thee, by his Might,
Even both to *Will* and *Do*.

(26.)

Q. How shall my *Maladies* be *heal'd*
That round compass me ?

A. Christ is the great Physician seal'd,
The Lord that healeth thee.

(27.)

Q. How shall I pray, and seek his Face,
That he may thus relieve ?

A. 'Tis Christ alone that hath the Grace
And Sp'rit of Pray'r to give.

(28.)

Q. *Salvation Work* is great and high ;
Alas, what shall I do ?

A. Christ, as the *Alpha* thereof, eye,
And the *Omega* too.

(29.)

A. What Pillar then is most secure,
To build my Hope upon ?

Q. Christ only, the *Foundation* sure,
And living Corner-stone.

(30.)

Q. When I'm with black *Pollution* stain'd,
How shall I cleansed be ?

A. Christ is a *Fountain* for that End,
Wide op'ned unto thee.

(31.)

(31.)

Q. What shall I do when *Plagues* abound,
With *Sorrows*, Griefs and Fears ?

A. Christ hath a *Balsam* for thy Wound,
A *Bottle* for thy Tears.

(32.)

Q. But is there any *Help* for One,
That *utterly* is *lost* ?

A. Christ saves from Sin, and he alone
Even to the *uttermost*.

(33.)

Q. But where shall I be safe at last
From *Hell* and endless Death ?

A. Christ is a *Refuge* from the Blast
Of everlasting Wrath.

(34.)

Q. But mayn't even *nat'ral* Death to me
Become a dreadful Thing ?

A. Christ by his Death, in Love to thee,
Did *every* Death unting.

(35.)

Q. Why, Sir, is Christ the whole you say ?
No Answer else I find.

A. Because, were Christ our All away,
Alas, there's *Nought* behind.

(36.)

Q. How can he answer every Case,
And help in every Thrall ?

A. Because he is the Lord of Grace,
Jehovah, All in all.

(37.)

Q. How is he *present* to supply,
And to relieve me thus ?

A. Because his glorious Name is nigh,
IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

(38.)

Q. Why doth he carry Pow'r to save,
And all our *Stock* about him ?

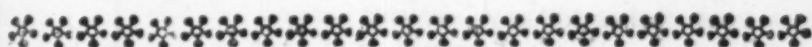
A. O bless him; for we nothing have,
And nothing can without him.

Question

- (39.) Mayn't some from hence take Latitude,
And Room, their Lusts to please?
If Christ do all, then very good,
Let us take carnal Ease?

Answer

- (40.) Christ doth in flaming Vengeance come,
With Fury in his Face,
To damn his Foes, that dare presume
And thus abuse his Grace.



§ 4.

FAITH and WORKS

*Both excluded from the Matter of Justification before
G O D.*

- (1) Who can a holy God address,
With an unholy Righteousness?
Who can endure his awful Probe,
Without *Perfection* for their Robe?
- (2) Who could his great Tribunal face,
Were Faith it self their Righteousness?
It is a most *imperfect* One,
And what's imperfect saveth none.
- (3) Faith hath no Share, and Works far less,
In justifying Righteousness;
That Faith it self should be abhor'd,
Which shares in Glory with the Lord.
- (4) Yea 'tis not Faith but Unbelief,
That steals his Prailes, like a Thief:
True Faith, disclaiming all its best,
Not on it self, but Christ doth rest.
- (5) I'm sav'd and justify'd by Faith,
Which yet no saving Virtue hath;
It wont pretend to save from Thrall,
But in its Object hath its All.

'Tis

- (6) 'Tis only Jesus saveth me,
And makes my Right to Life so free,
That in himself it stands alone:
Faith takes the Right, but giveth none.
- (7) If I should act from this Intent,
For Acts of mine to draw the Rent,
Or do good Works with this Design,
That I may thereby Glory win:
- (8) God's Promise then I would forsake,
Nor Jesus for my Saviour take;
Most dreadfully I would presume,
And work my own eternal Doom.
- (9) Yea, no Presumption could be higher,
I'd make the God of Truth a Liar,
By disbelieving his *Record*^r
Concerning *Jesus Christ*, the Lord,
- (10) His glorious and eternal Son,
Whose Blood hath Life-Eternal won.
In him he says, He'll freely give it;
No Soul on other Terms can have it.
- (11) Vain Man must stoop and freely take,
Or else embrace a burning Lake.
Proud Nature must submit to Grace,
And to the divine Righteousness.
- (12) In vain on Works our Hopes are built,
Our Actions nothing are but Guilt.
The best Obedience of our own,
Dare not appear before his Throne.
- (13) The Law can never save us now,
To *Damn* is all that it can do.
Heav'n casts all Righteousness of ours,
The Law of Works is out of Doors.
- (14) No Merit, Money, more or less,
Can buy the Gift of Righteousness.
O may I take what Heav'n doth give;
JEHOVAH help me to believe.

- 5) And in that Righteousness to trust,
Which only makes a Sinner just.
And then the Truth of Faith to prove;
O make my Faith to work by Love.



CHAP. II.

The Believers Riddle enlarged.

§ I

Concerning Christ his Names and Natures.

- MY Lord appears: Awake my Soul,
Admire his Name that's *Wonderful*.
In his *Mysterious Name*, I find,
Eternity and Time are join'd.

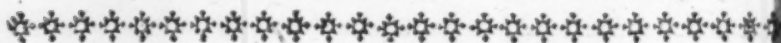
His Person One, his Nat' res Two,
The only Son, and Father too;
He's *Everlasting Father* stil'd,
Yet lo, he is the *Virgin's Child*.

- Tho' he no Father hath, nor Mother,
Yet hath he both the one, and other.
His Names both differ, and accord;
He's *David's Son*, and *David's Lord*.

- Behold his divine human Nature,
The great *Creator* is a *Creature*.
My Nature is Corruption doom'd,
Yet when my Nature he assum'd,

- He neither took my *Person* on,
Nor yet my black *Corruption*;
Yet took he on my Sin and Guilt,
By which his noble Blood was spilt.

- (6) God is a Spirit : and it's odd
To speak anent the Blood of God;
Yet thereon all my *Hopes* are built,
And thence doth all my *Peace* result.
- (7) Love through his Blood a Venting fought,
Yet Divine Love could ne'er be bought;
Mercy could never purchas'd be,
Yet every Mercy purchas'd he.
- (8) Three Things he was to purchase Peace,
The Altar, Priest and Sacrifice.
My Priest's, my Prophet too, and King,
My Raiment, Food, and ev'ry Thing.

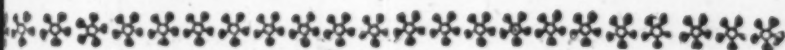


§ 2.

Concerning the Believer his mixed State.

- (1) Good Neighbour, lo, I am to thee,
And to my self a Mystery.
I'm in the Place, from whence I came;
And yet I am not, where I am.
- (2) Immoveable, yet still in Motion;
I dwell in *Egypt*, and in *Goshen*.
I'm rich in midst of Poverties,
And happy in my Miseries.
- (3) Behold, I'm all defil'd with Sin,
And yet all glorious within.
All Things against me are, I see;
Yet all Things work for Good to me.
- (4) Oft my Comforter sends me Grief,
My Helper sends me no Relief;
Yet herein my Advantage lies,
That Help and Comfort he denies.
- (5) As Seamsters cut the Cloth to Pieces,
So he, to form the Robe of Graces,
Doth pull me down, to set me up,
And empty me, to fill my Cup.

- I never do my self enjoy,
Till he my woful self destroy.
And most of all my self am I,
When most I do my self deny.
- I glory in Infirmities,
And yet I am asham'd of these.
Yea, all my Pride gives up the Ghost,
When once I do begin to boast.
- My Chymistry is most exact,
Heav'n out of Earth I do extract.
This Art to me a Tribute brings
Of heav'nly out of earthly Things.
- I learn to draw Good out of Evil,
And so to disappoint the Devil.
The very *Thorn* that's in my Flesh,
My swelling Pride doth sharply lash.
- Thus even my Loses make me win,
And Sin it self destroys my Sin.
My Lusts do mortify each other,
And one Corruption kills another.



§ 3.

The Believers Adversaries and Adversities.

- Affliction is a Lump of Sorrow,
Yet thence much Happiness I borrow;
Tho' few can see a Blessing in't,
It is my Furnace and my Mint.
- Its Sharpness doth my Lusts dispatch,
Its Suddenness alarms my Watch,
Its Bitterness refines my Taste,
And weans me from the Creatures Breast.
- Its Weightiness doth try my Back,
When Faith, and Patience turn too slack,
It is a Fan to me, whereby
I am unchast of Vanity.

- (4) A Furnace to refine my Grace,
A Wing to lift my Soul apace;
And still the more I am distressed,
I joy more in my endless Rest.
- (5) Mine Enemies, that seek my Hurt,
Do of their bad Designs come short.
Lo, every persecuting Elf
Doth make me understand my self.
- (6) The Fury of my Foes makes me
Unto my Refuge fast to flee:
They serve me duly to my Mind,
In Ways (I'm sure) they ne'er design'd.
- (7) Their Slanders cannot work my Shame,
Their vile Reproaches raise my Name.
In Peace with Heav'n my Soul doth dwell,
Even when they damn me down to Hell.
- (8) Their Fury doth not harm the Treaty,
Their Passion only moves my Pity,
Their Madness only calms my Blood;
By doing Hurt, they do me Good.
- (9) They are my Slaves, as I can show it;
My Drudges, tho' they do not know it.
They act to me a kindly Part,
With little Kindness in their Heart.
- (10) They sweep my House when it is foul,
And wash the Filth that stains my Soul:
They help to purge away my Blot,
For *Moab* is my washing Pot.

§ 4.

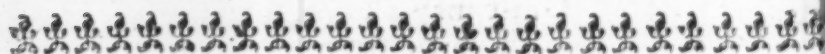
*The Mystery of the Believers Pardon, and Security
from Wrath.*

- (1) There's much condemnable in me
Yet I'm from Condemnation free.
I know my Sin deserveth Hell,
Ev'n more than Souls that there shall dwell.

- [2] My Treason doth deserve the Pit,
Yet I'm not *liable* to it.
The King's Remission fully hath
Secur'd me from deserved Death:
- [3] And since a Pardon I have got,
Obnoxious to it I am not.
Nor to a Threatning, save anent
Fatherly Wrath and Chastisement.
- [4] My Soul may oft be fill'd (indeed)
With slavish Fear and hellish Dread;
This from my Unbelief doth spring,
My Faith doth speak some other Thing.
- [5] Faith sees no legal Guilt again,
Tho' Sin and its Desert remain:
Some hidden Wonders hence result,
I'm full of Sin, yet free of Guilt.
- [6] Guilt is a fearful Obligation,
By Law, to Wrath and hot Damnation.
But Sin may be, where Guilt is not;
As Guilt may be, where Sin's remote.
- [7] Guilt without Sin sometimes hath been,
As in my Surety may be seen:
The Elect's Guilt upon him came,
Yet still he was the HOLY LAMB.
- [8] Sin without Guilt may also be,
As may be seen in pardon'd me:
For tho' my Sin (alas) doth stay,
Yet Pardon takes the Guilt away.
- [9] Thus I am freed, and yet involv'd;
A guilty Sinner, yet absolv'd:
Tho' Pardon leave no Guilt behind,
Yet Sin's Desert remains, I find.
- [10] This doth my Admiration move
At justifying Grace and Love,
That thus secureth me from Wrath,
Who still deserve eternal Death.

[11] My

- [11] My black Demerit still I know,
Yet am not liable to Wo ;
Lo, my *Security* from *Wrath*
Doth stand as firm on *Jesus Death*,
- [12] As doth my *Title* unto Heaven
Upon his great *Obedience* given.
This compleat *Righteousness* of his,
Imputed for my *Pardon* is.
- [13] The Sentence, Heaven did pronounce,
Hath pardon'd all my *Sins* at once.
I'm ev'n from future *Sins* acquitted,
And pardon'd ere they be committed.
- [14] I'm in a pardoned Condition,
Before and after their *Commission* :
But yet, that I presume not hence,
I'm seldom pardon'd to my *Sense*.
- [15] Sin bringeth *Vengeance* on my Head,
Tho' from avenging *Wrath* I'm freed ;
And tho' my *Sins* all pardon'd be,
Their *Pardon's* not apply'd to me.
- [16] I daily need new *Condonation*,
In point of gracious *Application* :
Thus, tho' I want no *Pardon* more,
Yet lo, I need it every *Hour*.

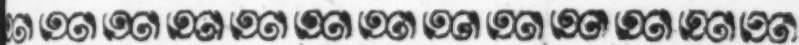


§ 7.

The Mystery of Faith and Sight.

- [1] Strange Contradictions me befall :
Sometimes I'm not assur'd at all,
Yet I am sure *Grace* will me save,
Even when I no *Assurance* have.
- [2] I'm certain, when I'm in *Suspence* ;
While sure by *Faith*, but not by *Sense*.
Yet oft a duskish *Robe* I wear,
When neither *Faith* nor *Sense* appear.

- [3] I walk by Faith, and not by Sight,
Yet cannot walk without Heav'ns Light :
Still *Knowledge* doth my Faith reſound,
Even when *Experience* runs a-ground.
- [4] Knowledge is my *discerning* Eye,
To ſee what Faith doth cloſe *apply*.
By Sp'ritual Light, the Object's known;
By Faith, I take it for my own.
- [5] I can't believe, unleſs I ſee
Faith's Object with an open Eye.
My Faith thus ſtands on ſaving Light,
Yet Faith is oppoſite to Sight.
- [6] The moſt of all my Lifetime here,
Is Faith and Doubting, Hope and Fear :
Yet ſtill I live by Faith, which free
From Doubts and Fears will ever be.



§ 6.

The Mystery of Faith and Works, with Rewards of Grace and Debt.

- [1] He that in *Word* offendeth not,
Is called a perfect Man I wot.
Yet he, whoſe *Thoughts* and *Deeds* are bad,
The Law-perfection never had.
- [2] I am deſign'd a perfect Soul,
Altho' I never kept the whole.
Yet he that keeps not all, keeps none;
He breaketh all, that breaketh one.
- [3] By Faith I do Perfection claim,
By Works I cannot reach the ſame :
Yet without Works my Faith is nought,
And thereby no Perfection brought.
- [4] Works without Faith will never ſpeed,
Faith without Works is wholly dead;
Yet I am juſtify'd by Faith,
Which no Law-works Adjutant hath.

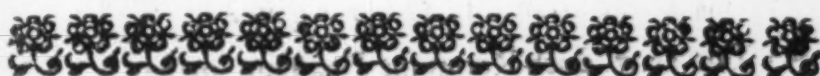
Yea,

- [5] Yea Gospel Works no Help can lend,
Tho' still they do my Faith attend ;
Yet Faith by Works is *perfect* made,
Yea, Faith by them is justified.
- [6] But Works with Faith could never vy ;
And only Faith doth justify :
Yet still my justifying Faith
No justifying Virtue hath.
- [7] Lo, justifying Grace from Heav'n,
Is foreign Ware, and freely given;
And saving Faith is well content,
To be a meer Recipient.
- [8] Faith's *active* in my *Sanctity* ;
But *here* its Act it doth deny,
And frankly owns it never went
Beyond a *passive* Instrument.
- [9] I labour much, like blessed Paul :
And yet not I, but Grace doth all.
I only spread my little Sails,
And look up for the holy Gales.
- [10] I in his Pow'r do work, yet see
It is his Pow'r that works in me.
I am an Agent at his Call,
Yet nothing am, for Grace is all.
- [11] In all my Works I do regard
The Recompense of full Reward ;
Yet such my working is withal,
I look for no Reward at all.
- [12] Rewards of Debt, Rewards of Grace
Are Opposits in ev'ry Case,
And yet I know they'll both agree,
Most jointly in rewarding me.
- [13] Tho' Hell's my just Reward for Sin,
Heav'n as my just Reward I'll win:
Both these my just Rewards I know
And yet not one of them is so.

[14] My

[14] Hell can't in Justice be my Lot,
 Since Justice Satisfaction got :
 Nor Heav'n in Justice be my Share,
 Since Mercy only brings me there.

[15] Yet, both in Justice and in Mercy,
 Heav'n's mine, without all Controversy ;
 And God in Christ is all my Trust,
 Because he's merciful and just.



C H A P. III. CONCERNING The LAW and the GOSPEL.

Particularly,

- | | | |
|---|---|--------------------|
| (1) The Mystery
(2) The Difference
(3) The Harmony
(4) The Place & Station | } | of Law and Gospel. |
|---|---|--------------------|

§ I.

The Mystery of Law and Gospel.

- (1) **T**HE Gospel-grace, and Law-command,
 Do join each other Hand in Hand ;
 And yet the Gospel, and the Law,
 Into one Yoke can never draw.
- (2) The Law of *Works*, the Law of *Grace*,
 Can't stand together in one Place.
 No more than *Dagon* and the Ark ;
 For Grace will drown the legal Bark.
- (3) They do agree like Man and Wife,
 Yet differ too like Death and Life ;
 As *Mercy* differs far from *Merit*,
 So do the *Letter* and the *Spirit*.

The

- (4) The Law doth still the Gospel harm,
The Gospel breaks the legal Arm ;
And yet the Law doth Grace extol,
And Grace exalts the Law in whole.
- (5) I through the Law am *dead* to it,
And to my legal Self-conceit ;
Yet through the Gospel-grace I *live* ;
And to the Law due Honour give.
- (6) The Law doth Room for Boasting make,
But Grace doth all my Boasting break ;
Yet doth the Law my Boasting kill,
And Grace doth make me boast my Fill.
- (7) The Gospel makes me keep the Law,
Yet from its Service doth me draw.
The Gospel gives the Law its Will,
And doth its whole Demands fulfil,
Yet makes it void and wholly null.
- (8) The Gospel giveth no Command,
Yet by obeying it I stand.
To strict Obedience it doth call,
Yet bindeth me to none at all ;
But promiseth and giveth all.
- (9) The Law doth its *Commandment* give,
That I the Gospel should believe ;
And yet it *teacheth* no such Thing,
Nor e'er could Gospel-tidings bring.
- (10) If I the Gospel do believe,
Obedience to the Law I give ;
And when I don't the Law observe,
I from the Gospel-Path do swerve.
- (11) Yet if the Law I do obey,
I am not in the Gospel-Way,
Which doth to new Obedience draw,
Yet is the Gospel no new Law.

- (12) All Precepts to the Law belong,
Yet in the Gospel they are throng,
Curst all Despilers are of this,
Yet all its Office is to *bless*.
- (13) It from the Law hath Pow'r to *kill*,
Yet *saving* doth its Pow'r fulfil.
No Saviour but of *Life* it hath,
And yet the Saviour is of *Death*.
- (14) Weakness Perfection doth exclude,
The Law is perfect, just and good;
And yet withal it is so weak
That it could nothing perfect make,
And Comers to it still do break.
- (15) Strength to the Gospel doth belong,
Mighty through God it is and strong;
It to the Law gives Strength, and yet
The Law affordeth Strength to it.
- (16) The Gospel gives the Law (I see)
Sufficient Strength to justify;
Yet I may say, in Truth it is
The Law that gives the Gospel this.
- (17) Even as the Law no Sinner clears,
But who the Gospel-Garment wears;
So none are justify'd by *Grace*,
Unless the Law-Demand get Place.
- (18) Again the Law (which seemeth worse)
Gives Gospel-news, condemning Force;
Yet they are News, that never can,
Nor ever will condemn a Man.
- (19) Thus Gospel-grace and Law-commands
Do strengthen one anothers Hands;
Yet make each other truly Weak,
And one anothers Strength do break.
- (20) The just Law, justifieth none
Of *Adam's* guilty Race, save One,

Who

Who being guilty, for this Cause,
By God's just Law condemned was:

- (21) Yet free of Guilt it did him see,
And therefore did him justifie :
Yet, had not Guilt his Soul involv'd,
By Law he could not been absolv'd.
- (22) But he withal condemn'd and spoil'd;
The Law of Works, which him assoil'd.
And now the Law is (in these Views)
The Marrow of the Gospel-News.
- (23) The Law can justifie no Man
That is a Sinner, yet it can
This Favour fully grant to me,
And many mo that Sinners be.
- (24) The Gospel justifieth none,
That have not put Perfection on;
And yet it cleareth none (I grant)
But these who all Perfection want.
- (25) These that with Gospel Clearance meet,
Must by the Law be found compleat;
Yet never could (again I grant)
The Gospel justify a Saint.
- (26) All perfect Persons it controuls,
And justifies *ungodly* Souls;
Yet still none of its Grace partake,
Whom *godly* Souls it doth not make.
- (27) The Law's against the Gospel-Path,
And yet its Approbation hath:
The Gospel 'gainst the legal Way,
Yet will approve the Law for ay.
- (28) The Gospel and its comely Frame
Doth openly the Law condemn.
Yet they are blind, who never saw
The Gospel justify the Law.

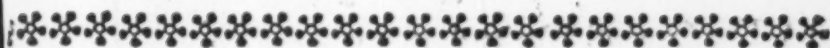
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- (29) Thus Law and Gospel are unite,
And yet in one can never meet:
They are inclos'd in one another,
And yet the one excludes the other.
- (30) These that divide them cannot be
The Friends of Truth and Verity;
Yet these that do confound the two,
Destroy them both, and gender Wo.

This Paradox none can decipher
That Plough not with the Gospel Heifer.



§ 2.

The Difference betwixt the Law and the Gospel.

- (1) The Law supposes I have *all*,
And so doth for *Perfection* call:
The Gospel sutes my total *Want*,
And all the Law can seek doth grant.
- (2) The Law doth promise Life to me,
If *my* Obedience perfect be:
But Grace doth promise Life upon
My Lord's Obedience alone.
- (3) The Law says, *Do*, and *Life* you'll win;
But Grace says, *Live*, for all is *done*.
The Law doth shew my *Sin* and *Duty*,
The Gospel gives me *Grace* and *Beauty*.
- (4) I'm by the Law *convinc'd* of Sin,
But by the Gospel *Comfort* win.
The one my *Condemnation* bears,
The other *justifies* and clears.
- (5) The Law shews my *Arrears* are great,
The Gospel doth *cancel* the Debt:
The first doth for my Debt me *curse*,
The last doth *bless*, and fill my Purse.

The

- (6) The Law will not *abate* a Mite,
The Gospel all the Sum doth *quite*.
There, God in *Threatnings* is array'd,
But *here*, in *Promises* display'd.
- (7) The Law, and Gospel disagree,
Like *Hagar*, *Sarah*, Bond and free.
The Law is *Hagar's* Servitude,
The Gospel *Sarah's* happy Brood.
- (8) To *Sinai* black, and *Zion* fair,
The Word doth Law and Grace compare.
Their Cursing, and their Blessing vy,
With *Ebal* and *Gerizim* high.
- (9) The Law of Works doth not exclude
My Boasting, but allows it Food ;
But Gospel Grace throws over board :
All Boasting now, save in the *Lord*.
- (10) The Law doth *irritate* my Sin,
And harden thus my Heart therein :
But Gospel-Grace doth me renew,
And my Corruptions strong *subdue*.
- (11) The Law doth *thunder*, *Sinai*-like.
The Gospel doth with *Calmness* speak.
The one doth sound with *dreadful* Noise,
The other hath the *stillest* Voice.
- (12) The Law proclaimeth cruel *War*,
The Gospel-tidings *peateful* are.
The first is still a Word of *Wrath*,
The last hath ay a *kindly* Breath.
- (13) The Law is *weak* through sinful *Flesh* ;
The Gospel brings *Recruits* afresh.
The Law is still a *killing* Letter,
The Gospel's *quickning* News are better.
- (14) The Law doth for Perfection call,
Yet *gives* and offers none at all :
But lo the Gospel-tidings glad
Do shew me *where* it's to be had.

- (15) The Law from *me* alone doth crave it,
The Gospel says, in *Christ* I have it.
The Law seeks all, but gives not ought ;
The Gospel gives all, seeketh nought.
- (16) The Law with *Terrors* doth molest,
The Gospel gives the *Weary Rest*.
The former, still doth *Death* convey,
The latter, shews the *living Way*.
- (17) The Law by *Moses* was exprest,
The glorious Gospel came by *Christ*.
Dim *Nature's* Light, the Law may trace :
The Gospel's only known by *Grace*.
- (18) The Law doth rouse me from my Sloth,
To Faith, and to Repentance both ;
And tho' the Law *commandeth* each,
Yet neither of them doth it *teach* ;
- (19) Nor doth *accept* for current Coin
The Duties which it doth injoin ;
It seeks all, but accepts no less :
Than constant, perfect Righteousness.
- (20) The Gospel, on the other Hand,
Altho' it issue *no Command* ;
But, strictly, taken doth consist
In Promises, and Offers blest ;
- (21) Yet doth it many Duties *teach*,
To which the Law seems not to reach :
Thus Faith, Repentance, and the like,
Are Fire which Gospel-grace doth strike.
- (22) They have *Acceptance* here, through Grace,
The Law affords them no such Place :
Yet do they come through both their Hands,
Even Gospel-Teachings, Law-Commands.
- (23) The Law's a House of *Bondage* sore,
The Gospel *op'ns* the Prison Door.
The one doth hold me in its Net,
The other doth at *Freedom* set.

- [24] The Law doth *crave*, the Gospel *gives*;
 While *that* doth *press* me, *this* relieves.
 The *first*, lays burdens on my Back;
 The *last*, all Weights away doth take.
- [25] The Law *requires* on Pain of *Death*,
 The Gospel *courts* me without *Wrath*.
 The one gives me a deadly *Wound*,
 The other makes me *whole* and sound.
- [26] The Law doth make me see my *Need*,
 The Gospel with *Supplies* doth feed.
 The first, doth tell me what I *ow*;
 The last, the *Payment* full doth show.
- [27] The Law shews how *defeas'd* I am,
 The Gospel brings the *healing* Balm:
 The one a Scene of *Fears* doth *hope*,
 The other is the Door of *Hope*.
- [28] An *angry* God the Law reveal'd,
 The Gospel shews him *reconcil'd*.
 By *that*, I know he was *displeas'd*,
 By *this*, I see his Wrath *appeas'd*.
- [29] The Law, thus shews the divine *Ire*,
 And Nothing but consuming *Fire*;
 The Gospel brings the Olive Branch,
 And Blood, the burning *Fire* to quench.
- [30] The Law hath still a fiery *Face*,
 The Gospel shews a Throne of *Grace*.
 There, *Justice* rides alone in *State*;
 But *here*, she takes the *Mercy Seat*.

In Sum,
 Lo, in the Law Jehovah dwells,
 But Jesus is conceal'd,
 Whereas the Gospel's nothing else
 But Jesus Christ reveal'd.

§ 3.

The Harmony betwixt the Law and Gospel.

- (1) The Law's a Tutor much in Vogue,
To Gospel-grace a *Pedagogue*;
The Gospel's to the Law no less
Than its full *End* for Righteousness.
- (2) I find the holy Law of God
Doth bring me to the Gospel-Road :
And back again unto the Law,
The glorious Gospel doth me draw.
- (3) The Law doth to the Gospel-School,
The Gospel makes the Law its *Rule* :
Hence, if I don't the Law obey,
I do not keep the Gospel-way.
- (4) When I the Gospel do believe,
Obedience to the Law I give ;
And that both in its *Cov'nant*-dress,
And as a *Rule* of Holiness.
- (5) Lo, in my Head, I render all,
For which the fiery Law can call.
His *Blood* unto its *Fire* was *Fewel*,
His *Spirit* shapes me to its *Rule*.
- (6) When Law and Gospel once are met,
To serve each other both are set;
The Law doth serve the Gospel well,
The Gospel doth the Law fulfil.
- (7) The Law doth Righteousness require,
The Gospel grants the Law's Desire.
This divine Law doth seek no less
Than human perfect Righteousness.
- (8) The Gospel gives it this, and more,
Even divine Righteousness in Store.

K

The

The Law-command's exceeding broad,
But so's the Righteousness of God.

- (9) Let then the Law demand its Fill,
The Gospel gives it all its Will :
How great soe'er's the legal Charge,
The Gospel-payment's full as large.
- (10) The Law doth make the Gospel sweet,
The Gospel makes the Law compleat.
The Law doth to the Gospel draw,
The Gospel magnifies the Law.
- (11) The Law makes Gospel-grace to shine,
The Gospel decks the Law divine.
The Gospel, all Law-breakers shames,
The Law, all Gospel-slighters damns.
- (12) The Law is holy, just, and good ;
The Gospel seals all this with Blood :
Hence when for Debt the Law pursues,
The Gospel gives the Law its Dues.
- (13) The Law *commands* me to believe,
The Gospel saving Faith doth *give*.
The Law commands me to *repent*,
The Gospel gives my Tears a *Vent*.
- (14) What in the Gospel-Mint is coin'd,
The same is in the Law injoin'd.
Whate'er the Gospel doth me teach,
The Law's Authority doth reach.
- (15) Thus Law and Gospel here join Hands ;
What *this* doth *teach* me, *that* commands.
What Virtue with the Gospel 'grees,
The same the Law doth authorize.
- (16) The Law by its Command doth seal,
Whate'er the Gospel doth reveal.
The Gospel also, for my Good,
Doth seal the Law-demand with Blood.

- (17) The Law most perfect doth remain,
And every Duty doth contain;
The Gospel its Perfection speaks,
And grants it every Thing it seeks.
- (18) Whate'er the Law doth *bind* me to,
The same the Gospel *makes* me do;
And what the former seeks by *Laws*,
The latter still by *Grace* doth cause.
- (19) What legal Precepts do *expect*,
The Gospel-promise doth *effect*.
To *what* the Law by *Fear* doth move,
To *that* the Gospel leads by *Love*.
- (20) To *run* to *Work* the Law commands,
The Gospel gives me *Feet* and *Hands*.
The one *commands* me to obey,
The other doth the *Pow'r* convey.
- (21) What in the Law hath *Duty's* Place,
The Gospel turns it to a *Grace*.
What *therein* are *Law-duties* nam'd,
Are *herein* Gospel-*Graces* fam'd.
- (22) The Law doth check me when I stray,
The Gospel holds me in the Way:
That shews my Wanderings are Sin,
And *this* doth sweetly bring me in.
- (23) My Surety standing in my Stead,
The Law's the Gospel in my Head.
And when in him they kindly tryst,
The Gospel is the Law in Christ.
- (24) Law-Precepts, Threat'nings both (I see)
With Gospel-promises agree.
They to the Gospel are a *Fence*,
And it to them a *Maintenance*.
- (25) The Law doth justify all those,
Who with the Gospel-ransom close,

The Gospel too approves for ay
All these that do the Law obey.

- (26) The Law condemneth every Man,
That doth reject the Gospel-Plan.
The Gospel also none doth save,
On whom it won't the Law ingrave.
- (27) The Law makes Gospel-banquets sweet,
The Gospel makes the Law my Meat;
My Mear and Drink to do its Will,
And all its Precepts to fulfil.
- (28) God's holy Law to me doth *show*
What Fruits of Gratitude I ow;
The Gospel-Grace and Tidings good,
Do *move* me to this Gratitude.
- (29) The Law doth *panse* the putrid Sore,
The Gospel doth *apply* the Cure.
The one *plows* up the Fallow-ground,
The other *sows* the Seed around.
- (30) A rigid Master was the Law,
Demanding Brick, denying Straw;
But when with Gospel-tongue it sings,
It bids me fly, and gives me Wings.



§ 4.

The proper Place and Station of the Law and the Gospel

1. In general.

- (1) Wherever you in Scripture see
A Word of Grace, or *Promise* free,
To be made out for Jesus Sake,
That for the Gospel you may take.
- (2) But where you do a *Precept* find,
With *Promise* to our Doing join'd,

Or *Threatning* with a wrathful Frown,
That for the Law you ought to own.

2. In particular.

- (3) Wouldst thou distinctly know the Sound
Of Gospel-grace, then don't confound
The Gospel with its *Dispensation* ;
For these two have a distinct Station.
- (4) The Gospel's thus *dispens't* (you see)
Believe, and thou shalt saved be;
If not, thou shalt be damn'd to Hell,
And midst eternal Torments dwell.
- (5) Here, *Precepts* in it are *dispens'd*,
With *Threat'nings* of Damnation fenc'd ;
The legal *Sanction* here takes Place,
That none may dare abuse free Grace.
- (6) Yet neither *that* Command of Faith,
Nor yet *this* Threat'ning fierce of Wrath,
Belong to Gospel, strictly so,
But to its Dispensation do.
- (7) Which mixed Dispensation doth
Bear in it Law and Gospel both :
The Law is here subservient
Unto the Gospel's blest Intent.
- (8) *Precepts* and *Threat'nings* both make Way,
The Gospel-blessing to convey;
Which differs, tho' we thus dispense it,
From Laws and Threatnings that do fence it.
- (9) *Believe, and thou shalt saved be*,
Is Gospel, but improperly :
And yet we use to call it thus,
Because its so *dispens't* to us.
- (10) The Gospel, which glad News doth bring,
Is certainly some other Thing,

Than

Than Precepts to believe the same,
Whatever Way we blend their Name.

- (11) The *Former* is the *News* of *Grace*,
And *Life* to *Adam's* guilty *Race* ;
The *Latter* is the *Method* blest,
For bringing to this Gospel-Rest.
- (12) The Scripture thus distinguisheth
The Gospel, from the Call to Faith :
Believing is the *Method* pay'd,
The Gospel is the *Thing* believ'd.
- (13) This Gospel-revelation sweet,
Of Christ, a Saviour compleat,
To save us both from Sin and Wrath,
Is made the very Mean of Faith.
- (14) Faith comes by hearing God's Record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord,
Wherein his Righteousness divine
From Faith to Faith doth clearly shine.
- (15) Here Life eternal promis'd is
To this full Righteousness of his.
Our Right to Life stands here alone ;
Faith takes a Right, but gives not one.
- (16) Faith doth receive the offer'd Good,
And Promise seal'd with precious Blood ;
It gives no Title to the Bliss,
But takes th' intitling Righteousness.
- (17) This *Object* great of saving Faith,
And this alone, the Promise hath.
The Promise is not to Faith's *Act*,
But to the *Prize* that Faith doth take.
- (18) And only as it takes the same,
It hath its great and famous Name.
It casts it self and all Things down,
That Christ alone may wear the Crown.

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- [19] But if *new Laws* and *Threats* were all,
Which Gospel properly we call;
Then were this *Precept to believe*,
No better News than *Do and Live*.
- [20] If then we don't distinguish here,
We cannot make the Gospel clear:
But blend the Gospel and the Law,
And all into Confusion draw.
- [21] The Law of Works we introduce,
As if old *Merit* were in Use,
When Man could *Life* by *Doing* won,
Even tho' the Work by *Grace* were done.
- [22] Old *Adam*, even in Innocence,
Deriv'd his Pow'r of *Doing* hence:
As all he *could* was but his *Duty*;
So all his *working Strength* and *Beauty*
- [23] Was from the *Favour* of his God,
Who with these *Riches* did him load;
Yet was the *Promise* to his *Action*,
So that he *merit* could by *Paction*.
- [24] Were *Life* now promis'd to our *Act*,
Or to our *Works* by *Promise* tack't,
Tho' God should his *Assistance* grant,
It's still a *doing Covenant*.
- [25] Tho' Heaven its *helping Grace* should yield,
Yet *Merit's* still upon the Field.
If One should borrow Tools from you,
That he some famous Work might do,
- [26] When once his Work is well prepar'd,
He doth deserve his due Reward,
And justly might he claim his Due,
Although he borrow'd Tools from you:
- [27] Even thus the *borrow'd Strength* of *Grace*
Can't hinder *Merit* to take Place.
From whence so'er we borrow Pow'rs,
If *Life* depend on *Acts* of ours,

- (28) Or if we make the Gospel thus
In any Sort *depend* on *us* ;
We give the Law, the Gospel *Place*,
Rewards of *Debt*, the Room of *Grace*.
- (29) The *new* and Gospel *Covenant*,
No *Promise* to our *Works* doth grant,
But to the *Doing* of our Head,
And in him to each Gospel-deed.
- (30) To *Godliness*, which is great Gain,
Promise is said to appertain :
But know (lest you the Gospel mar)
In whom it is we godly are.
- (31) To him, and to his Righteousness
Immediately, the *Promise* is ;
And *next*. unto the godly Deed,
Not in it self, but in our Head.
- (32) Good Fruits have *Promise* in this Sense ;
They Union to *him* evidence,
To *whom* the Promises pertain,
And in *whom* they are all AMEN.
- (33) Pray notice ; for if here we err,
And do not Christ alone prefer,
But make the *Promise* partly stand
On our obey'ng some *new Command*,
- (34) Th' old Cov'nant-place to Works we give,
Or mingle *Grace*, with *Do and Live* ;
Thus do we both the Gospel *harm*,
And also *break* our *working Arm*.
- (35) More Honour to the Law profess ;
But giving *more*, we give it *less* :
Its *Take* we on our *selves* do draw,
And turn the *Gospel* to the Law.
- (36) We rob *Grace* of its *joyful Sound*,
And bury Christ in *Moses Ground* :
At best, we run a *legal Race*,
Upon the *Field* of *Gospel Grace*.

C H A P. IV.

Concerning Justification and Sanctification, their
Difference and Harmony.

§ 1.

The Difference between Justification and Sanctification,
or Righteousness imputed and Grace imparted; in
upwards of 30 Particulars.

Note, That (*metri causa*) Justification is here
sometimes exprest by the Words, *imputed*
Grace, *justifying Grace*, *Righteousness*, &c.
Sanctification by the Names of *imparted Grace*,
Grace, *Graces*, *Holiness*, *Sanctity*, &c. which
the Judicious will easily understand.

[1] THE Spirit worketh Grace within,
And forms that comely Dress;
But Jesus spent his Life to spin
My Robe of Righteousness.

[2] Christ as a Priest doth justify,
His Blood doth Conscience still;
But as a King doth sanctify,
And subjugat my Will.

[3] He justifying by his Merit,
Imputes his Righteousness;
But sanctifying by his Spirit,
Infuseth saving Grace.

[4] My justifying Righteousness
Doth *merit* all I see;
But *nothing* by my strongest Grace
Can be *deserv'd* of me.

[5] This justifying Love doth set
The *Guilt* of Sin remote;
By sanctifying Grace I get
Some Freedom from its Blot.

By

[6] By virtue of this Righteousness,

Sin can't condemn my Soul;

By virtue of infused Grace,

Sin can't command in whole.

[7] This Righteousness, which I enjoy,

Sin's damning Force recalls;

But Grace imparted doth destroy

Its Ruling Pow'r by Smalls.

[8] The former is my Judge's Act,

Of gracious Condonation;

The latter is a pow'ful Fall,

And gradual Operation.

[9] The first is instantanious,

Whene'er I first believe,

The last a Work continued thus

While here below I live.

[10] The first doth Peace to Conscience give,

The last the Heart doth cleanse;

The first doth make a relative,

The last a real Change.

[11] The former pardons all my Sin,

Yea, and accounts me just;

The latter quickens Grace within,

And mortifies my Lust.

[12] The first of these intitles me

Unto eternal Bless;

The last doth fit and qualifie

That Glory to possess.

[13] My Righteousness is infinite,

Yea, Subjectively so;

My Holiness, most incomplete,

Doth waver to and fro.

[14] Such is my Divine outer Dress,

As never waxeth old;

My inner Garb decays, even Grace,

If Heav'n do not uphold.

My

- [15] My Righteousness and Pardon is
Most perfect and compleat ;
But Sanctity admits *Degrees*,
Doth fluctuat and fleet.
- [16] Unto my Righteousness divine
No Changes can befall ;
But Holiness doth wax and wane,
By Turns is great and small.
- [17] I'm by the first as righteous now,
As ever I can be ;
The last doth to Perfection grow,
Heav'n is the full Degree.
- [18] This Righteousness in all the Saints
Is evermore the same ;
But in their Graces, many Wants
And Failures cleave to them.
- [19] My Righteousness divine is fresh,
Yea, pure and heav'nly both ;
My Sanctity is partly Flesh,
And but a menstruous Cloth.
- [20] My Righteousness I magnify,
It is my lofty Flag ;
But, pois'd with this, my Sanctity
Is but a filthy Rag.
- [21] I glory in my Righteousness,
And praise it with my Tongue, ;
But all my Grace, compar'd with this,
I count but Loss and *Dung*.
- [22] By justifying Grace, I do
Of divine *Favour* boast ;
But Holiness doth shape me to
His *Image* I had lost.
- [23] I by the first do satisfy
Ev'n divine *Justice* stern ;
But by the last, Conformity
To *Holiness* I learn.

[24] The first fulfils the fiery Law
 Its rigid *Covenant* ;
 The last unto its *Rule* doth draw,
 That I may be a Saint.

[25] The *Subject* of my Righteousness
 Is Christ my glorious Head ;
 But I the Subject am of Grace,
 As he supplies my Need.

[26] The *Matter* of the former too,
 Is Christ's Obedience dear ;
 But lo, his helping me to do,
 Is all the *Matter* here.

[27] The first is what doth justify,
 And Heav'n's Acceptance wins ;
 The last is what I must *deny*,
 Ev'n as I must my Sins.

[28] Altho' my Graces precious are,
 And perfect in Desire ;
 They cannot stand before the Bar,
 Where Justice is Umpire.

[29] But in the Robe which Christ did spin,
 They gain their great Preferment :
 God doth accept them, wrapt within
 My elder Brother's Garment.

[30] My Righteousness doth make me great,
 Ev'n in the *Sight* of God ;
 My Graces are my main out-set
 Before the World abroad.

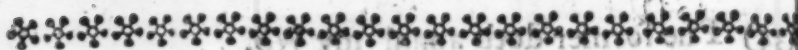
[31] More justify'd I cannot be,
 By all my holiest Acts ;
 But these increase my Sanctity,
 Which always hath Defects.

[32] When on my Righteousness divine
 I rest, I'm safe and free :
 But when on Graces, then I'm in
 A leaking *Barge* at Sea.

- (33) The first doth *slavish* Fear forbid,
Here Wrath *revenging* ends ;
The last commands me *filial* Dread,
Paternal Ire attends.
- (34) The former doth annul my Wo,
By God's judicial Sentence ;
The latter makes my Graces flow,
Faith, Love and true Repentance.
- (35) In *that*, I have the *Patient's* Place,
For there Heav'n's Act is all ;
But in the *other*, I'm through Grace
An *Agent* at his Call.
- (36) The first doth divine pard'ning Love
Most graciously proclaim ;
But then these shining Graces prove
My Interest in the same.
- (37) In justifying Grace (I see)
God's Love to me doth burn ;
But by imparted Sanctitie
I Love for Love return.
- (38) My Righteousness is that which draws
My Heart to this Respect :
The former therefore is the *Cause*,
The latter the *Effect*.
- (39) Christ is, in justifying me,
The Lord my *Righteousness* :
But as he comes to Sanctifie,
The Lord my *Strength* he is.
- (40) My Soul in justifying Grace,
Doth free *Acceptance* gain ;
In Sanctity, to run my Race,
Assistance I obtain.
- (41) The first declares I'm out of Debt
And Nothing's left to pay ;
The last makes me a Debtor yet,
But pays it every Day.

My

(41) My Righteousness, with Wounds and Blood,
 Clear'd Law and Justice too;
 Hence still the Debt of Gratitude
 And Love is what I ow.



§ 2.

The Harmony between Justification and Sanctification

- (2.) Who vests with Righteousness, the same
 With Holiness will cloath;
 For Jesus our Redeemer came
 By Blood and Water both.
- (2) That in his Righteousness I trust,
 My Sanctity doth show;
 Tho' Graces cannot *make* me just,
 They *shew* me to be so.
- (3) For whosoe'r are justify'd
 By gracious Acceptation,
 The same are also sanctify'd
 By pow'rful Operation.
- (4) Where Righteousness doth justify,
 There Holiness is clear'd;
 Heav'n's Equity and Sanctity
 Can never be sever'd.
- (5) Hence when my Soul, with Pardon deck'd,
 Perceives no divine Ire,
 Then Holiness I do affect
 With passionate Desire.
- (6) His justifying Grace is such,
 As wafts my Soul to Heaven;
 I cannot choose but *love* him much,
 Who *much* hath me forgiven.
- (7) The Sun of Righteousness, which brings
 Remission in his Rays,
 With Healing in his golden Wings,
 Both Light and Heat conveys.

Where

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- (8) Wherever Jesus is a Priest,
There will he be a King;
He that assails from Sin's Arrest,
Won't tolerate its Reign.
- (9) Faith is design'd a precious Grace;
And thus we may it call,
Because it wholly doth embrace
A precious Christ for all.
- (10) From precious Faith, a precious Strife
Of precious Virtues flow,
A precious Heart, a precious Life,
And precious Duties too.
- (11) Wherever Faith doth justify,
It purifies the Heart;
The Pardon and the Purity
Assunder cannot part.
- (12) All these, whom Righteousness doth cloath,
By Holiness are guided;
In Subjects, capable of both,
They cannot be divided.
- (13) Yet Truth it self requires that we
Distinctly view the twain;
That how they differ, how they 'gree,
We may in Truth maintain.
- (14) Two Natures in one Person dwell,
Which no *Division* know,
In our renoun'd IMMANUEL,
Without *Confusion* too.
- (15) These that *divide* them, grossly err,
Tho' yet they are distinct:
These, who *Confusion* here infer,
Blasphemously do think.
- (16) Thus Righteousness and Graces are
Not parted, nor confounded;
Else holy *Peace* we set afar,
And sacred *Truth* is wounded. While

- (17) While we their proper place maintain,
In Friendship sweet they dwell;
But or to part, or blend the twain,
Are Errors fram'd in Hell.
- (18) To separate what God doth join,
Is wicked and prophane:
To mix and mutilate his Coin,
Is damnable and vain.
- (19) Altho' Distinction must take Place,
Yet no Division here,
Nor yet Confusion; else the Grace
Of both will disappear.
- (20) Lo, Errors gross on ev'ry Side
Conspire to hurt and wound 'em:
The *Antinomian* doth divide,
The *Legalist* confound 'em.

C H A P. V.

Concerning FAITH and SENSE.

Where, 1. Of Faith and Sense natural. 2. Of Faith and Sense spiritual. 3. The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense. 4. The Valour and Victories of Faith. 5. The Heights and Depths of Sense. 6. Faith and Frames compared; or Faith building upon Sense discovered.

§ 1.

Faith and Sense natural compar'd and distinguished.

- (1) **W**hen *Abram's* Body, *Sarah's* Womb,
Were ripe for nothing but the Tomb,
Exceeding old, and wholly dead,
Unlike to bear the Promis'd Seed:
- (2) Faith said, I shall an *Isaac* see;
No, no, said Sense, it cannot be.
Here Faith and Sense have dreadful Strife;
Can ever Death engender Life?
- (3) My Heart is like a rotten Tomb,
More dead than ever *Sarah's* Womb.

O can the promis'd Seed of Grace
Spring forth from such a barren Place ?

- 4) Sense gazing on the flinty Rock,
Doth all my Acceptation choak :
But could I with *Abraham's* Art,
O'erlook my dead and barren Heart,
- 5) And build my Hope on nothing less
Than divine Pow'r and Faithfulness,
Soon would I find him raise up Sons
To *Abram*, out of Rocks and Stones.
- 6) Faith backward rows as Boatmen do,
Who rowing thus do forward go,
It looks at Things that are not seen,
Things visible are low and mean.
- 7) Sense thinks it Madness thus to steer,
And only trusts its Eye and Ear,
Into Faith's Boat doth thrust its Oar,
And puts it further from the Shoar.
- 8) Nor can it trust the divine Guide
Unless it have both Wind and Tide.
Faith doth alone the Promise eye,
Sense won't believe unless it see.
- 9) Faith thinks the Promise sure and good,
Sense lippens all to Liklyhood.
Faith even in Storms believes the Seers,
Sense calls all Men, even Prophets, Liars.
- 10) Faith useth Means but rests on none,
Sense fails when outward Means are gone.
Faith lives on divine Promises,
But Sense on Probabilities.
- 11) It rests upon the rusty Beam
Of outward Things that hopeful seem,
Let these its Supports sink or cease,
No Promise then can yield it Peace.
- 12) Thus Faith, which is of divine Brood,
Consulteth not with Flesh and Blood;

L

But

But Sense 'gainst Heav'n committeth Treason,
 Conferring still with carnal Reason.

- (13) What! won't my Disciples believe
 That I am risen from the Grave,
 According to the Word I spake,
 But rather sorry Counsel take
- (14) With Death, or with a pow'rless Grave,
 If they their Captives can relieve?
 Sense doth inquire if Tombs of Clay
 Can send the Guests alive away.
- (15) But Faith doth hear Jehovah's Word,
 Who is of Life and Death the Lord.
 It hearkens not to Dust nor Death,
 But unto Jesus's quick'ning Breath.
- (16) Should I give Ear to rotten Dust,
 Or to the Tombs confine my Trust,
 No Resurrection can I see,
 For Dust that flees into mine Eye.
- (17) What! *Thomas*, can't thou trust so much
 To me, as to thy Sight and Touch?
 Won't thou believe till Sense be Guide,
 And thrust its Hand into my Side?
- (18) Where is thy Faith, if it depends
 On nothing but thy Finger-Ends?
 Blest are they who the Truth do seal
 By Faith, yet neither see nor feel,

§ 2.

*Faith and Sense spiritual, compared and distinguished;
 Where also the Difference between the Assurance of
 Faith and the Assurance of Sense.*

- (1) The Certainty of Faith and Sense
 Differ in my Experience.
 Faith builds upon **THUS SAITH THE LORD;**
 Sense views his *Work*, and not his *Word*.

God's

- (2) God's Word *without* is Faith's Support,
His Work *within* doth Sense comfort,
By Faith, I trust him without Pawns,
By Sense, I handle with my Hands.
- (3) By Faith, the Word of Truth's receiv'd,
By Sense, I know I have believ'd.
Faith is fiducial in its Frame,
Sense evidential of the same.
- (4) Faith credits the divine Report,
Sense to his *Breathings* doth resort ;
That, on his *Word* of Grace doth hing,
This, on his *Spirit* witnessing.
- (5) By Faith, I take my Lord for mine ;
By Sense, I feel his Love divine.
By *that*, some VISION is begun :
By *this*, I some FRUITION win.
- (6) While Faith, doth touch his Garment's Hem,
Sense, finds the Vertue thence doth stream.
By Faith, I to his Promise fly,
By Sense I in his Bosom ly.
- (7) My Faith can fend even in Exile ;
Sense cannot live without a Smile.
By Faith, I have my All on Band ;
By Sense I have some Stock in Hand.
- (8) Faith builds upon the Truth of God,
That lyes within the Promise broad ;
But Sense upon the Truth of Grace,
Which he within my Heart doth place.
- (9) Thus Faith the *Truth of God* doth view,
But Sense the *Truth of Faith* doth shew.
Christ is the Object Faith doth see
And Faith's the Object Sense doth eye.
- (10) Hence Faith's Assurance often stands,
When Sense's sinks into the Sands.

And Faith's Perswasion may prevail,
When comfortable Sense doth fail.

(11) I am assur'd when Faith doth act,
Tho' Sense and Feeling both I lack.
And thus mysterious is my Lot,
I'm oft assur'd when I am not.

(12) Oft-times I'm fill'd with Doubts and Fears,
Yet not my Faith such Blossoms bears;
But Unbelief, which cuts my Breath,
And stops the Language of my Faith.

(13) Clamours of unbelieving Fears,
So frequently do fill mine Ears;
I cannot hear what Faith would say,
Until the noisy Clamour stay:

(14) And then doth my Experience find,
When Faith gets leave to speak its Mind;
The native Language thereof is,
My Lord is mine, and I am his.

(15) Sad Doubtings compass me about;
And yet my Faith could never doubt;
For, as the sacred Scripture saith,
Much Doubting argues little Faith.

(16) The Doubts and Fears that work my Grief,
Flow not from Faith, but Unbelief;
For Faith whene'er it acts doth cure
My Doubts and Fears, and make me sure.

(17) But when my Eye of Faith doth sleep,
I dream of drowning in the Deep:
Yet, as its with the sleeping Eye,
Tho' Sight remains it doth not see;

(18) The seeing Faculty doth stay,
Tho' Sleep takes active Sight away:
So Faith's Assurance doth endure,
Even when it doth not me assure.

There

(19) There's still Perswasion in my Faith,
Even when I'm fill'd with Fears of Wrath ;
The trusting *Habit* is not gone,
Tho' for a Time it *acteth* none :

(20) Th' assuring Faculty it keeps,
Even when its Eye in Darkness sleeps,
Wrapt up in Doubts ; but when it wakes ;
It rouseth up assuring Acts.

§ 3.

*The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense ;
How they help, and how they mar each other.*

(1) Tho' gallant Faith can keep the Field,
When Sense doth either flee or yield :
Yet, while I view their usual Path,
Sense often stands and falls with Faith.

(2) Faith ushers in some Feeling sweet,
And when both Faith and Sense do meet,
They dearly hug and help each other,
As loving Friends do one another.

(3) Faith gives to Sense both Life and Breath,
And Sense gives Joy and Strength to Faith ;
O now, says Faith, how fond am I
In Sense's Bosom thus to ly !

(4) Their mutual Kindness then is such,
That oft, they dotting too too much,
Embrace each other out of Breath,
As *Æsop* hug'd his Child to Death.

(5) When Faith gets Sense within her Arms,
She's so allur'd with Sense's Charms ;
That, hugging this, she leteth slip
The proper Object of her Grip.

(6) Which being lost, behold the Thral !
Anon, she loseth Sense and all :
Thus unawares, cuts Sense's Breath,
While Sense trips up the Heels of Faith.

§ 4.

The Valour and Victories of Faith.

- (1) By Faith I know the Worlds were made
By God's Almighty Word.
And still the Strefs of Faith is laid
Upon **THUS SAITH THE LORD.**
- (2) By Faith I soar and force my Flight
Through all the Clouds of Sense,
And see the Glories out of Sight,
With brightest Evidence.
- (3) By Faith I see the unseen Things,
Hid from all mortal Eyes.
Proud Reason, stretching all its Wings,
Beneath me flutt'ring Lyes.
- (4) By Faith I build my lasting Hope
On Righteousness Divine.
Nor can I sink with such a Prope,
Whatever Storms combine.
- (5) By Faith, my Works, my Righteousness
And Duties all I own,
As Loss and Dung and lay my Strefs
On what my Lord hath done.
- (6) By Faith I overcome the World,
And all its hurtful Charms.
I'm in the heav'nly Chariot hurl'd
Through all opposing Harms.
- (7) By Faith I have a conqu'ring Power,
To tread upon my Foes;
To triumph in a dying Hour,
And banish all my Woes.
- (8) By Faith I'm right when all is wrong,
When I decay I thrive.
When I am weak then am I strong,
When dead I am alive.
- (9) By Faith I stand even when I fall,
In Darknes I have Light;
Nor dare I doubt and question all,
Tho' all be out of Sight.

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- [10] By Faith I trust a Pardon free,
Which puzzles Flesh and Blood,
To think that God can justify,
Where yet he sees no Good.
- [11] By Faith I keep my Lord's Commands,
To verify my Trust;
I purify my Heart and Hands,
And mortify my Lust.
- [12] By Faith I kindly do repent,
When pierced Christ appears;
My melting Heart in Thanks doth vent,
My Eyes dissolve in Tears.
- [13] By Faith I can the Mountains vast
Of Sin and Guilt remove,
And them into the Ocean cast,
The Sea of Blood and Love.
- [14] By Faith I see Jehovah high
Upon a Throne of Grace;
I see him lay his Vengeance by,
And smile in Jesus Face.
- [15] By Faith I hope to see the Sun
(The Light of Grace that lent,)
His everlasting Circles run
In Glory's Firmament.
- [16] By Faith I'm more the Conquerour,
Altho' I nothing can,
Because I set Jehovah's Pow'r
Before me in the *Van*.
- [17] By Faith I fight against my Foes;
Nor need their Ambush fear;
Because my Life-guard also goes
Behind me, in the *Reer*.
- [18] By Faith I run, by Faith I fly,
By Faith I suffer Thral.
By Faith I live, by Faith I dy,
By Faith I can do all.

The

The Heights and Depths of Sense.

- [1] When Heav'n me grants (at certain Times)
Amidst a pow'rful Gale,
Sweet Liberty to moan my Crimes
And Wandrings to bewail;
- [2] Then do I dream my sinful Brood,
Drown'd in the Ocean-main
Of Chrystal Tears and Crimson Blood,
Will never live again.
- [3] I get my Foes beneath my Feet,
I bruise the Serpent's Head;
I hope the Vict'ry is compleat,
And all my Lusts are dead.
- [4] How gladly do I think and say,
When thus it is with me,
Sin to my *Sense* is clean away
And so shall ever be.
- [5] But ah, alas! (th' ensuing Hour)
My Lusts do rise and swell,
They rage and reinforce their Pow'r
With new Recruits from Hell.
- [6] Tho' I resolv'd and swore through Grace
In very solemn Terms,
I never should my Lusts embrace,
Nor yield unto their Charms;
- [7] Yet such deceitful Fiends they are,
While I no Danger dream,
I'm snar'd before I am aware
And hurry'd down the Stream.
- [8] Into the Gulf of Sin anone
I'm plunged Head and Ears;
Grace to my *Sense* is wholly gone,
And I am chain'd in Fears.
- [9] Till straight my Lord, with sweet Surprise,
Returns to loose my Bands,
With kind Compassion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.

- [10] Yet, thus my Life is nothing else
But Heav'n and Hell by Turns ;
My Soul, which now in *Goshen* dwells,
Anone in *Egypt* mourns.

§ 6.

Faith and Frames compared; or, Faith building upon Sense discovered.

- [1] Faith hath, for its Foundation broad,
The Truth and Faithfulness of God.
This is the Rock on which I stand,
All other Grounds are but of Sand.
- [2] My sweetest Frames do ebb and flow;
My Feelings stagger to and fro;
And when my Faith depends on them,
It changeth, with the changing Frame
- [3] The Faith must surely be unstable,
That builds on Things so variable.
Its Staggering can't be reckon'd strange,
If built on Things that always change.
- [4] But if my Faith laid all its Load
Upon the Righteousness of God;
Upon his everlasting Name,
And divine Truth, that's ay the same;
- [5] This Ground the Building well could bear,
And Faith more firm would then appear:
But when my Faith doth still decay,
As Sense and Feeling go away,
- [6] It doth convict me of my Vice,
I built my House on thawing Ice.
While I enjoy the heav'nly Gale,
I dream my Faith shall never fail.
- [7] My Mountain ay shall firm remain,
I'll never, never doubt again:
While Wind and Tide and all is right,
And heav'nly Smiles within my Sight.

My

Yet,

- [8] My Heart doth falsely make me think
That in my Faith there is no Chink;
And that I nothing rest upon,
But divine Faithfulness alone.
- [9] I fancy not my Faith so lame,
As e'er to trust a fading Frame.
But ah, how quickly do I see
My Heart was but deceiving me!
- [10] Insuing sad Experience,
Doth shew, I partly built on Sense;
For when its gone (alas! its odd)
I cannot trust a hiding God.
- [11] When Heav'n to me doth Flagons bear,
And then my Soul with Apples chear;
Why should I rob the glorious Root,
By trusting partly in the Fruit?
- [12] Why can't I rest upon the Tree,
When Apples are withdrawn from me?
When sensible Injoyments fail,
Then Doubts, instead of Faith, prevail.
- [13] But herein doth appear my Folly
And Sin, in not depending wholly
Upon my Rock that changeth not,
But on my Frame's small floating Boat.
- [14] For lo, I doubt and sink anone,
Whene'er the floating Frame is gone;
I then my State in Question call,
As if my Frame were All in all.
- [15] This doth, alas! aloud proclaim
My Faith's Foundation to be lame;
For, did I not depend in Part
On Sense and Feeling, to my Smart;
- [16] My stable Rock would be my Stay,
Even when the fleeting Frame's away,
As much as if it present were.
Lord help, for here I always err.

F I N I S.

